

Children's Newspaper, December 25, 1926

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO US ALL

### THE MONKS OF SAINT BERNARD SADNESS IN A FAMOUS GUEST-HOUSE

#### The Avalanche that Overwhelmed a Little Band HEROES MOURNING HEROES

People all over the world are thinking with sorrow of the disaster that has overtaken the famous hospice of St. Bernard in Switzerland.

While five of the brave brothers with five students were making their way to the scene of an avalanche they were suddenly overwhelmed by another tremendous snowfall, and the five students were swept away.

Two of them managed to struggle through the snow to safety, but of their three companions there was no trace. A messenger on skis was sent to the hospice, and soon a number of the famous dogs were at rescue work.

The body, still warm, of one of the missing men was recovered, but though artificial respiration was tried for six hours it was unsuccessful. The bodies of the other two were also recovered, but both were dead.

Thus the disaster from which the brotherhood of St. Bernard have so often saved others has fallen on themselves.

#### A Beautiful Hospitality

The hospice, standing 8000 feet high in the great St. Bernard Pass, is one of the most famous places in the world.

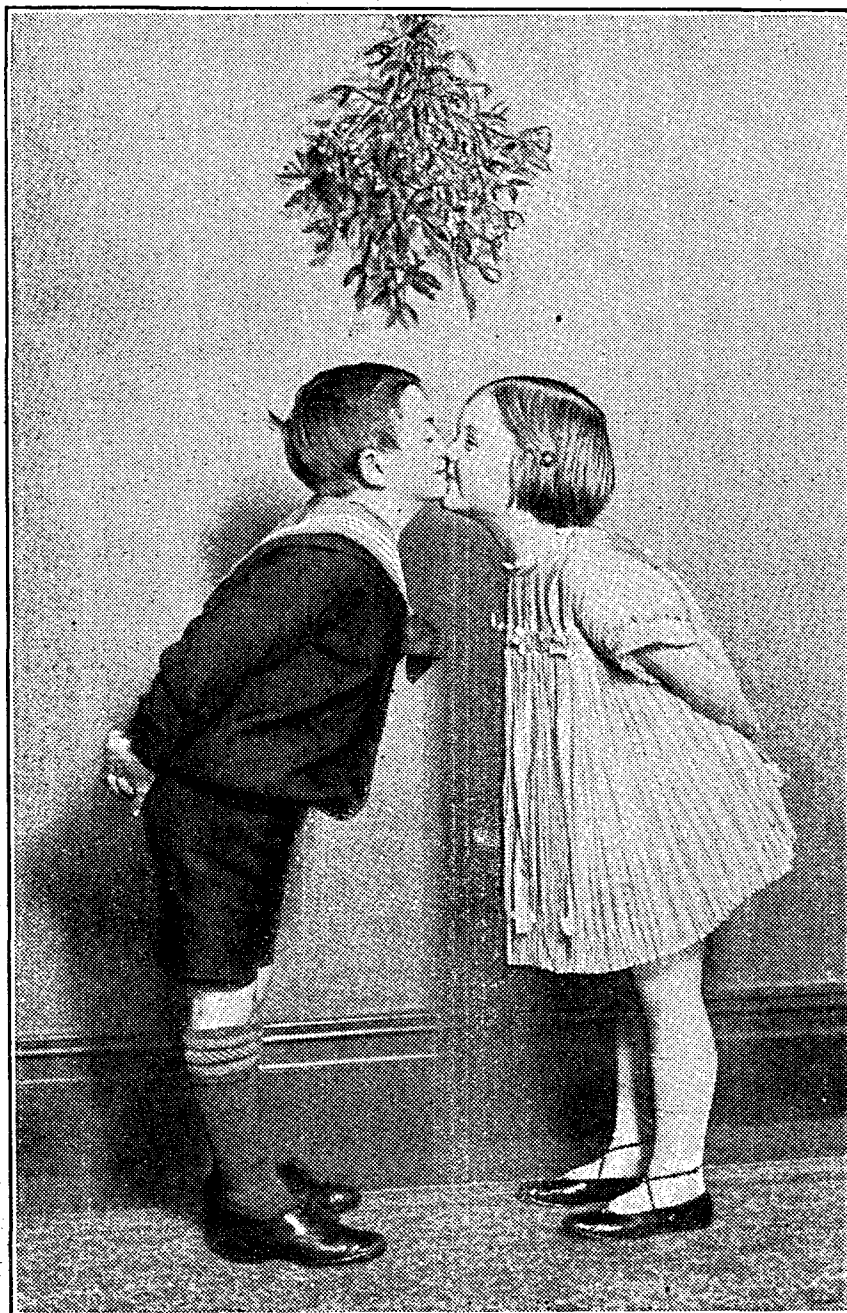
The brothers have known what it is to be hemmed in by great snow walls, completely isolated for weeks, to have avalanches crash down through their roofs, to battle with snowstorms such as we in England can hardly imagine. They have always seemed to us a romantic community, happily set apart from the world, with those great powerful dogs in their care, and expending a most beautiful medieval hospitality.

#### Impoverished by the War

Anyone who knocked at the door and asked could be given food and shelter. But, apart from the fact that nowadays about 30,000 people visit the monastery every year and the beds for travellers only number 175, the hospice funds will not stand the strain, and the prior is now obliged to make a charge. This impoverishment is due to the war, which cast its blight even on the remote mountain home. To their sore grief during those bitter years the brothers were even obliged to give up a number of the famous dogs.

These powerful and sagacious creatures have to be specially fed and educated for their work, and trained to long hours of endurance. To them the world is a quiet place, with snowfields lying about their warm kennels within the monastery bounds. They love the monks as only dogs can love. And now they know that some of their friends are missing.

### The Mistletoe is Here Again



Under the mistletoe bough we are renewing our pledges of affection and goodwill, and the Editor wishes a happy Christmas to all who meet in this most happy place

### THE NIGHT WATCHMAN SMELLS A FIRE

WE have often thought it would be nice to be a night watchman, with a tiny wooden house which has its back to the wind, a fire-bucket to make toast, and any policeman who goes by to talk to like a brother. But we have just heard of a watchman who, instead of watching, fell asleep like anybody else, and it is a very sad story!

He was a watchman in a Paris factory, and had a wooden leg, poor fellow. One night after he had had his supper, about two in the morning, and the whole world was as silent as the grave he sat down in front of his charcoal brazier to rest and think awhile. Soon he dozed off.

Now, if there is one thing that is second nature to a night watchman it is the knack of smelling smoke.

The Frenchman woke suddenly to a horrible smell of burning. His first

dazed thought was "The factory is alight, I have been asleep and let it burn."

He looked round in horror expecting to see smoke creeping through cracks in the factory wall. There was none. But there was still that horrible burning smell. He rubbed his eyes and looked round again. Then he saw that the smoke was coming from his wooden leg. His old friend and supporter was smouldering and on the point of bursting into a crackling flame!

He went gingerly to the tap and put the fire out pretty quickly, and he was very thoughtful the rest of the night.

Now he is having a new leg made, and when he puts it on he is going to make a New Year's resolution to watch his step, as the Americans say, and never fall asleep again with the wooden leg near to the fire-bucket.

### DOWN IN THE SEA GOING TO SEE WHAT IT IS LIKE

#### Explorer in the Depths Among the Fishes

#### A MAN MAKING HIS OWN AIR

What is life like a mile below the surface of the sea? Nobody knows, because nobody has been there and come back to tell the tale. But Dr. William Beebe is going down to find out.

A mile below the sea the pressure of the water is over two thousand pounds to the square inch, and no diving-suit or armour would stand it. Moreover, there is no light there. Then how is Dr. Beebe going to do it?

This famous American naturalist is having a thick steel cylinder built for him, seven feet high and 18 inches across, with a heavy glass window, seven inches by twelve in the side.

#### Kinema Pictures by Searchlight

Light will be supplied by the phosphorescence of the deep-sea fishes, and, as for breathing, there is apparatus in existence by which a man can make his own air for anything up to two hours at a time. That is to say, he can breathe the same air over and over again, the carbon dioxide being absorbed from it at each breath and the necessary oxygen restored. The apparatus, made in England by Messrs. Siebe Gorman, the well-known submarine engineers, is carried by the man on his chest and back, with a head-piece to fix the tube to his mouth.

Dr. Beebe has a theory that much the same ocean-life exists at a depth of a mile in all parts of the world, and after a preliminary trial within forty miles of New York he means to make an expedition round the Equator to put his theory to the test. His cylinder is to be fitted with a telephone, and through it he will dictate to his companions above a description of what he sees. Though at first he means to depend on the phosphorescent fish for light, he hopes eventually to use a strong searchlight and to be able to take kinema pictures with a hand camera.

#### A Remarkable Discovery

Oddly enough, as this story reaches us there comes news of a remarkable little discovery which will help the diver when he comes to the surface.

By mixing helium with oxygen and supplying divers with this mixture instead of air it has been found possible to "decompress" the diver in one-fourth of the usual time when he comes to the surface. Helium dissolves in the human body only half as easily as nitrogen and as the molecule of helium is much smaller than that of nitrogen, it escapes more easily from the diver when decompression is taking place.

This is probably the first instance in history of keeping people alive by giving them a man-made and man-mixed gas to breathe instead of air!



## THE VICTORY OF THE THREE BRIDGES

### LONDON AS THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Waterloo Bridge to Stand and  
Charing Cross to Go

### SOLVING A GREAT PROBLEM IN A GREAT WAY

A Londoner's firmest belief is that he is a citizen of no mean city.

The great Report of Lord Lee's Commission on the Thames Bridges stirs in us the hope that our children's children will believe that we were no mean citizens, for the projects it puts forward for the Londoners of today to consider and approve will make London one of the world's most beautiful cities.

What is it that London wants? What is it that is to be done for it? It wants so to make use of its noble river that its waters shall not cut London in half, but shall run through the heart of a great city and help the traffic which clogs its streets.

#### Bridging the River

What the Report recommends is that the river shall be so bridged that its beauties shall be enhanced and not destroyed. A few years more, and in spite of roundabouts and the herculean efforts of the

*Policeman with uplifted hand  
Directing the orchestral Strand,*

the traffic would stand still, as more than once it has threatened to do.

The proposals, put in their shortest form, warm our hearts with the thought that the Charing Cross monster, like an ugly dragon on drain-pipes, is to go; that Waterloo Bridge, on which the longer London looks the more its dark arches are loved, is to stand; that the bridge at St. Paul's, which might well have shaken the cathedral into the roadway, is not to be built, but is to be replaced by a far better scheme, which will lead the ceaseless stream of lorries along a road where there is room for them.

#### Plans for the Future

These are the principal suggestions of a plan based on a large and generous idea of what London ought to be. It is not a design of niggling yesterdays, but of an open-handed future. A penny saved is a pound lost for the coming generation of Londoners who may double in numbers the 8,000,000 people who are now pressing outward to the suburbs.

When St. Paul's was built by Sir Christopher Wren he laid out a noble scheme of broad streets symmetrically stretching out from it. It was rejected, but if it had been adopted it would save millions now. The adoption of this new system of bridge-highways will be a sign that we have returned to the spacious imagination which inspired this noblest of the City's builders.

#### London at its Best

Who will deny London's charm today who thinks of the noble vista of the Thames from Charing Cross to Blackfriars, with the dome of St. Paul's brooding among her chickens, the whitening spires of the City Churches. Let us keep all that for the generations of Londoners yet unborn, and let us offer them the opportunity of seeing it in tranquillity. It is not easy for the most determined of London's admirers to pause on its beauties while he is suffocated and imprisoned by the swarms of roaring traffic.

When the new bridges are built, and their upper levels carry Londoners above the traffic conflict, they will have more leisure and opportunity to seek the other beauties that the old town spreads for them—the broad highway of parkland by which one may walk all the way

## A DOG HEARS THE CALL OF THE WILD

Even in Glasgow, and even where the River Kelvin primly trickles through the Botanical Gardens, the call of the wild can be heard. A dog has heard it and has chosen this unpromising neighbourhood for responding to it.

The dog is an Alsatian, of that wolf-like breed whose ancestors, in Professor J. A. Thomson's fine phrase, forsook their life as enemies of the flock to become the guardians of the fold. This one, in the absence of stray sheep in the Gardens, has gone back to its lair.

#### Den Under a Rock

It has built the lair for itself, pathetically choosing the formal banks of the Kelvin to make a couch of leaves under an overhanging but impafied rock. There it sleeps at night, repairing to it secretly by devious ways when the park-keepers are not looking.

For months it has defied all attempts to lay a hand on it. Its den has been discovered, and at dusk it is sometimes seen from the river's opposite bank, with ears pricked and mouth wide open to show such a set of teeth as attracted the attention of Little Red Riding Hood. But if anyone goes near nothing more is seen of the dog except the teeth, as it disappears with a snarl among the bushes.

#### The Hermit

Its wild life cannot by the nature of things last much longer, but when this was written the dog was still at large. Somebody has declared that it is vicious, though it has not yet done anybody any harm, and it cannot raid the flock because the Botanical Gardens is strictly botanical and keeps no sheep.

The lair of this dog which wishes to live the simple life has been found and searched. No incriminating evidence has been found, not even a bone. The case of this returner to the wild seems to call for further investigation, but there is no reason yet to give the dog a bad name. At the worst it may be only a hermit without visible means of support.

## THOUSANDS OF PICTURES FOR FIVE SHILLINGS

The everlasting question of Christmas presents is always hard to settle. We know an uncle who always knows just what his nephews and nieces would like.

He is a very observant man, and during his week-end visits he has noticed that, although the C.N. has always been well to the front, something has been missing. So this year part of his present to Joan and Peter will be the first four parts of the Children's Treasure House, for, said he, "Five shillings is a good round sum, and I know of no better way of spending it on the youngsters."

And this particular uncle is always right. At least Joan and Peter say so. And there are *thousands of pictures* in these four parts alone.

*Continued from the previous column*

from Notting Hill Gate to Westminster and cross only one crowded street on the journey; Westminster and its Abbey; Whitehall; London Pool and the Tower. These are only a tithe of the beauties of the Capital.

The scheme which is set before London will enable us to see this mighty city at its best, for we shall move about it more leisurely, in more spacious ways. It is a great scheme because for the first time it looks on London as a united whole, and considers its needs now and for the future. We do not for a moment doubt that London, thus taught to view itself, will accept the scheme in a generous spirit. London has long been growing, but in this mirror of its hopes we see it for the first time growing up, and, grown up, it will, we may be sure, insist on being worthy of its wondrous past and ready for a future more wondrous still.

## POOR LITTLE MOTHER

### A Sad Story of the Zoo

A sad little story comes from Monkey Hill at the London Zoo.

The week-old baby of a baboon has died, and the mother, who loved her child as passionately as if she had been a Christian soul, for several days never ceased to mourn. She refused to be comforted, and hoped all the time that she was mistaken. The keepers could not get the poor little body from her.

Morning, noon, and night she sat in a sheltered corner of the rocks with the baby over her left arm. Her mate kept guard beside her. There was something very moving and wonderful in the spectacle of the grief of this pair. Sometimes an idea seemed to strike the mother, and she put the baby down. Perhaps she thought it would be different when she picked it up. After a few minutes she turned it over, looked closely into the poor little face, and put the lifeless body back on her left arm.

#### Tempted with Food

Her mate kept everybody off, other baboons and keepers alike. The mother has been tempted with all sorts of dainty food to leave the little one behind so that it might be taken away. But she was too clever for ordinary men. She snatched apples and figs, and laid the body down a minute, but kept her eye on it, and as soon as she had eaten the fruit returned to her charge. For days as dusk fell on Monkey Hill was seen the same pathetic picture, the mother hugging the dead babe and the father keeping guard; but at last a keeper succeeded in removing the little one.

Poor little mother baboon!

## COULD HE HAVE SAVED GORDON?

### A Soldier and His Plan

A soldier has just died whose life is worth remembering because he was a fine and upright character and had a wonderful influence on his regiment. He was Major-General John Barton Sterling, born in 1840, the son of the John Sterling whose Life Carlyle wrote.

Sterling was in the Coldstream Guards, and when he was a major he was ordered out to Egypt. Before long the question of General Gordon became acute.

Gordon had gone out to Khartoum to make peace among the warring natives, and had been trapped in the Mahdi rising. Khartoum was besieged for five months. No one troubled much for a time; then people at home began to get restive, and a relief expedition was planned. Here Major Sterling came to the front at a most decisive moment, and it is said that had his advice been taken Gordon might have been saved.

Long before speeches were made in Parliament, and awkward questions asked about Gordon's predicament and what the British Army was doing about it, Sterling and a brother officer had been working out a plan of campaign to save him. They knew they could raise 3000 camels, that they could count on 2000 volunteers from an army of occupation and 500 natives as well.

The War Office had to be asked about it, and in the reply these eager men got we have a glimpse of the curious hostility felt in the army for Gordon. Sterling approached Sir Redvers Buller, who simply said: "No; the man is not worth the camels." The plan was dropped, and the Nile Expedition arrived at Khartoum too late.

## THE MAN WHO STRUCK THE BLOW

At Swansea Assizes a man was about to be sent to prison for striking another, when a man who was among the spectators stood up to say that he had struck the blow, and could not let an innocent man suffer. So did he atone for a bad thing by a good one.

## A BOY'S PLAYTHING

### A Little Treasure from the Days of Attila

#### THE SCEPTRE OF A KING

Not so long ago a boy poking about in a vineyard in Hungary, where some earth had been newly delved, came upon a long stick.

He cleaned it and rubbed it, and presently saw that it was made of metal and had a pattern chiselled on it. The boy did not care about the decoration. All he asked of a stick was that it should be a stick. He ran off with it, and the copper staff became the most popular plaything among his comrades.

It happened one day that a gentleman came along who was no other than Professor Mora, Director of the Museum at Szeged. He was an observant man, and noticed the children playing round a lad who seemed to him to be wielding a copper baton. The professor asked to look at it. He took out a magnifying-glass and looked closely at the chiselled pattern. Then he asked where it had been found, and borrowed it.

#### Treasure in a Vineyard

Professor Mora went home thinking hard, for he knew without any doubt that this plaything had once been anything but a plaything; it was part of a royal sceptre about fifteen centuries old. When other hands had held it they had been a little cleaner, though perhaps not quite so capable and strong as those of the Hungarian boy playing in the street.

The professor went to the vineyard and arranged for men to begin digging there. He did not find the rest of the sceptre, but he found some delightful treasure—several gold cups and dishes and nearly a hundred gold coins.

When he was asked what they were, and how these things came to be there, the professor said he believed it was treasure from the tomb of a tribal king of Germany who was living about the same time as Attila the Hun. This king had not a very easy life; for that matter, no one had in the fifth century in the part of Europe where Attila was raging. Perhaps the little king was glad to lay his sceptre down. But he would have been a little surprised had anyone suggested to him that fifteen hundred years later a boy would be playing with it and the C.N. would be writing of it.

## QUESTIONS FOR PETER SIMPLE

The award of Five Pounds offered to C.N. readers for a postcard containing the five most interesting questions for Peter Simple to answer in the Children's Treasure House has been awarded to David Allan Stevenson, of Glenview, Chapelhall, near Airdrie, Scotland.

## THINGS SAID

Do not think broadcasting can ever do what a good book can do for you.

The Duchess of Atholl

To fight the industrial war we want a fitter people than we had to fight the Great War.

Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter

Addison did more than any other Englishman to civilise all Englishmen who could read.

Mr. John Bailey

Employers and employed can only do their duty to God by fulfilling their duty to their neighbours.

The Times

The cinema has undermined our national outlook and given a false impression of values in life.

Miss Lena Ashwell

The wasteful use of coal is a national crime, and future ages will look back to ours as one of the dark ages.

Sir Alfred Mond

All smokers should be prosecuted as nuisances, and the manufacture of tobacco prohibited.

Mr. Bernard Shaw



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## A NEW BIT OF THE OLD WORLD

### SURPRISING HAUL FOR FISHERMEN

Precious Vases Brought Up from the Ocean Floor

### GREEK AND ROMAN AT MARSEILLES

A thrilling story comes from the fishing quarter of Marseilles.

Some fishermen working their nets outside the harbour suddenly found that the drag was very heavy. They pulled and pulled, and perhaps if they had lived a few centuries ago, and had been fishing in the North Sea, they might have thought the Sea Serpent had been caught in their nets.

When at last they heaved up the catch they discovered two enormous vases, three feet high, each weighing about a hundredweight, among the fish and sea waste in their nets. They cleaned them of slime and took them ashore, where they were told that the vases were Oriental, and to all appearances had been hundreds of years lying in the mud of the ocean floor.

#### Where Greek Boys Fished

It is not every fisherman who makes such a catch. We hope someone has told these men of Marseilles something of the story of those waters in whose depths they have been carrying on their trade so long. For experts say that the period when these vases were made was about the time when the Roman ships were storming the Greek colony of Marseilles, about two thousand years ago.

And as these fishermen know the Mediterranean coast so well we hope someone will tell them that the boats used on the coast near here, for instance, seem scarcely altered from those in which Greek boys fished about five hundred years before Christ.

It was about six hundred years before Christ that a band of Greeks set out from Phocaea in Asia Minor to seek a new home. They made their way across the Mediterranean; to use Homer's words, they sailed in their hollow ships along the shore of the loud-sounding sea, and landed at Marseilles. They founded a colony in the South of France, settling inland at Arles and Nîmes. Marseilles, the oldest and proudest town in France, which they called Massalia, was their chief city.

#### Another Secret of the Sea

Sculptors, painters, and craftsmen followed the settlers. They could do no more do without lovely temples and houses, all the treasures of the Greek inheritance, than an Englishman can do without a garden. Soon after came the time of the great years of Greek art.

While the Greek colony was growing in Marseilles Phidias was building the Parthenon. Every ship from home brought news of fresh marvels and beauty. Even when Rome was battering at their doors they kept to their traditions and welcomed anything that was fair. They probably welcomed and treasured these Oriental vases, and found them a home—regardless of the menace of the Romans coming on. And now, after so long, the sea has given up another secret.

## WAITERS IN A HURRY

### Odd Race in Brussels

A somewhat original contest took place recently in Brussels, when sixty waiters were drawn up in line to cover in the shortest time a distance of about a mile and three-quarters, holding in one hand a tray and five glasses filled with water.

The competitors might not change hands or spill any of the water, and the successful waiter covered the distance in 13 minutes 29 seconds.

## THE CAROL SINGERS



The boys of Chetham's Hospital School, Manchester, practise the old carols



A last rehearsal of pensioners at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea



The girls of the new Foundling Hospital at Redhill get ready for Christmas morning



London school children have a carol practice on their own account

There is no falling-off in the popularity of carol singing at Christmas. High and low, rich and poor, grown-ups and children, all love to sing the old hymns of the happy season, and in these pictures we see the carols being practised in readiness for Christmas morning

## PETER SIMPLE WANTS TO KNOW

### HOW MANY WINDOWS HAS WESTMINSTER?

The Big Business of Keeping Them All Clean

### A MAN WHO LOVES HIS WORK

Peter Simple of the Children's Treasure House, the new fortnightly magazine which Arthur Mee is sending out into the world, has been trying to find out how many windows there are in the Houses of Parliament.

Nobody knows! Peter Simple has been trying hard to find out. But he has failed completely. First he tried all the guide-books and encyclopedias he could get hold of, but none of them knew. Then he tried the Office of Works, the Government Department which has charge of the Palace of Westminster. But the Office of Works does not know! It has never counted them, and it does not know how it would set about doing it.

#### A Rough Calculation

The Office of Works asked Peter how he would do it. To begin with, what is a window? Is a fanlight a window? And what about the great stained-glass windows, all divided by stone mullions, wide and narrow? Should these be counted as one or as many? Peter could not say. But he had noticed that in the House of Commons a Member of Parliament had been told that the Government had made a contract to have the windows cleaned. Surely, he said, the contract price must have been based on the number of windows to be cleaned?

No, it was not; more probably it was based on a rough calculation of the area of glass to be cleaned. What was that calculation? asked Peter. But it seemed that the calculation was made by the contractor and not by the Office of Works. "Then I'll ask the contractor," he said. And he did.

#### Four Miles of Files

The contractor is a big, rosy-cheeked, jovial man with a poetical enthusiasm for cleaning everything that can be cleaned. He calls himself the Great Metropolitan Cleaning Company, Limited, though Peter can find no limit at all to his cleaning. He cleans four miles of files at Somerset House and he has taken six tons of dirt from under the roof of a City church!

"How many windows are there in the Palace of Westminster?" Peter asked him. "I don't know," said he. "Then what is your rough calculation of the area of glass to be cleaned?" said Peter. "I haven't got one," said the Great Window Cleaner. "Then how did you know what to charge?" "I just had a shot at it," said the Cleaner.

#### A Man with a Mission

"£1104 a year," said Peter. "Oh, that!" said the Cleaner; "that is not just for window-cleaning, it is for cleaning all the glass—windows, pictures, show-cases, glass panels in swing doors, everything. Do you know there are a thousand pictures in the Palace, all of them glazed?" he asked. Peter did not know. "Well, there are," said the Cleaner; "I just looked round and then I named a lump sum. My men were on the job five days after I started to look round. Haven't you seen them from Westminster Bridge standing on little hanging platforms suspended from the roof?"

"Yes, I believe I have," said Peter.

And so the Great Metropolitan Cleaner went his way, cheery and enthusiastic, to make our black Metropolis white, a Man with a Mission if ever there was one.



## CRITICAL DAYS FOR CHINA

### PEKING'S COLLAPSE

Is a New Army Bringing Salvation from the South?

### THE EMPTY TREASURY

China, once the symbol of changelessness, today changes with such bewildering rapidity that it is almost impossible to make head or tail of what is happening in that vast country.

We all lost interest long ago in the quarrels and alliances of the half-brigand War Lords Chang and Wu and the rest. Even when Feng, the Christian General, intervened between them it still seemed to matter very little which was for the moment in possession of Peking, setting up or pulling down Presidents and Prime Ministers with such apparent ease.

### Canton's Growing Power

But now something much bigger than the War Lords' victories and defeats has intervened. Just as poor Mr. Wellington Koo, the latest Prime Minister, is sending a circular letter to the War Lords telling them he can keep things going no longer a new army from the south has occupied Hankow, half-way on the march from Canton to Peking, straddling the great central river highway which flows down to Shanghai in the east.

This new army is no rabble of mercenaries serving first one general and then another, but the disciplined troops of a nationalist movement with a definite political object. All through these troublous times a Government has been in power at Canton in the far south, beyond reach of the War Lords, and has steadily been extending its power while they were fighting.

### Control of the Customs

There has been much talk of danger to the lives of Englishmen in Hankow and of strikes and boycotts against British trade. What is certain is that the Cantonese are determined to regain control of the Customs, now in the hands of foreign Powers, and to abolish foreign authority in the great ports. We are told that if these were secured trade could go on unhindered, for the people obviously want our goods.

The Powers have been discussing these matters with the Peking Government, and have actually thrashed out a policy with it; but now the Peking Government has collapsed and there is not a single penny to defray the administrative expenses. Then what of the Government at Canton?

The British Government, at least, has made up its mind that the time has come to try to get an understanding with the one power in China which seems able to speak for the public opinion of China. The Canton Foreign Minister has gone to Hankow, and the new British Minister, Mr. Miles Lampson, has gone there to meet him. If an understanding can be arrived at we may be at the beginning of the end of these troubles.

## ENGINE RUNS INTO A HOUSE

### Stopping at the Cradle

In a railway accident near Brindisi an engine which had left the rails and parted from its three overturned coaches crashed through the wall of a labourer's cottage.

Entering a bedroom, it came at last to a standstill a few feet from a sleeping baby in a cradle. Two other children were in bed in the same room, but fortunately no one was hurt.

## UNBEATABLE THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT GO DOWN

Thrilling Story of the Valerian in a Gale

### WHY SHE DID NOT WIRELESS

Long before the survivors of H.M.S. Valerian arrived in London we had heard how the ship sank in a gale off Bermuda on October 22 and 84 lives were lost. But there were details still to be told, and they were worth telling.

For instance, many people wondered why the Valerian did not send out wireless calls for help earlier. The reason was that another ship was sending out distress messages, and the Valerian would not use her wireless for fear of jamming the other ship's signals.

### Terrors of the Hurricane

The survivors all spoke with the greatest admiration of Telegraphist Sydney Lotter, who lost his life in trying to rig up a new aerial after the wireless had been smashed by heavy seas. While he was struggling to do this an immense wave carried him away.

Captain Usher, who says he can never describe the terrors of that hurricane, stayed on the bridge till the Valerian sank. Then he swam to a raft where there were 28 men. For 21 hours they were there without food or water, and constantly the waves washed them overboard. Sometimes they were able to climb back, but not always. There were only twelve left when they were picked up.

One man who was in the stokehold at the time of the disaster heard the cry "All hands on deck!" and rushed up, only to be swept overboard by a rush of water. Then the waves hurled him back to the ship. He managed to cling to a piece of timber, and was one of those who were rescued.

### The Stoker Out Visiting

Captain Usher says that all the men were magnificent, but his chief admiration is for one of the stokers, who, when the gale abated, swam from one raft to another in a lifebelt, saying he was "out visiting." His jokes gave many of his exhausted comrades heart to keep up the struggle for life.

Hardly anyone will be able to read without pride this story of a British seaman, bruised, drenched, hungry, and almost hopeless, who yet found things to joke about with a raftful of shipwrecked comrades. No wonder we are pulling through our troubles in this little island. The sort of man who can find anything funny about a shipwreck is unbeatable.

## CLEVER FOX

### How He Beat Them All

The other day a fox played at being what is called a cat burglar.

After a good run the fox seemed to say to himself "I can't shake these hounds off in the country, so I must try the town," and the daring creature ran into Cheltenham. All at once some boys playing in Townsend Street saw a fox lying on the roof by the chimney. We are sorry to say that, instead of admiring his cleverness in getting there, they did their best to get him down by a shower of stones.

Reynard stood his ground (or rather, his roof) till some men fetched a ladder and climbed up with sticks. Then he ran along the adjoining roofs as lightly as a tight-rope dancer, leaped to the ground, and galloped away. He was followed by men, boys, mongrels, bicycles, horses, and hounds, but he out-distanced them all. Who can help being glad that the adventurous animal is safe in his earth?

## THE HARVEST OF MARY DACHELOR

Just two hundred years ago, in 1726, there died a little old lady whose name was Mary Datchelor.

All her life she had lived in the City parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, for those were the days when the City of London was a place where people lived and did not merely visit for their work.

Dame Mary's work was centred in a tiny coffee-house in Threadneedle Street. The site is now worth many thousands, but in those days the freehold was only worth a couple of hundred pounds, if that. But it was all she had, and she could give no more. She made a will under which the rent of her property was to be devoted by the parish to the relief of certain poor folk and to the apprenticeship of boys.

### No Poor to Relieve

Time went on, and Dame Mary's benefaction was duly administered. But London grew as the generations passed by, and the inhabitants of the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft dwindled in number until there were hardly any left save a few small shopkeepers and caretakers. In the daytime the place teemed with busy and important merchants and bankers and their employees.

By the time of Victoria's reign it was no longer a residential district at all; there were no poor to relieve, no boys to apprentice, and, though the income of the charity was still only about £20 a year, there was no employment for it.

### An Urgent Need

Now, the cellars of Dame Mary Datchelor's coffee-house ran beyond the ground area, right underneath the property of a rich insurance company. In 1870 the company approached the Datchelor trustees with an offer for the building, and so anxious were they to acquire it that in the end they gave no less than £38,000 for it. What was to be done with so much money?

Fortunately, among the trustees was Dr. Gordon Brown, one of the churchwardens of St. Andrew's, a far-seeing man who is still, we are glad to say, hale and hearty, though over eighty. Dr. Gordon Brown and one or two of his friends argued that Dame Mary would have wished nothing better than to fill the most urgent need of the time for a good girls' school. And after some conflict with the Charity Commissioners, whose permission was first required by law before any such change could be made, the trustees were given authority to devote £15,000 of the purchase-money to their idea.

### School's Fiftieth Birthday

So began the Mary Datchelor School in Camberwell, which is just celebrating its fiftieth anniversary by an extension of its buildings. It was opened in the New Year of 1877, a little place of two old-fashioned houses, with gardens end to end and frontages on two roads.

Thirty girls were on the first roll, but within 18 months the number had grown to 200. That was due to the ability and energy of the first Headmistress, Miss Rigg, who came from a Board School at the age of 23 to her new post. Miss Rigg served for nearly 50 years. She has lived to see 700 girls receiving a fine education at the Mary Datchelor School.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY

### 21 and 76

It is good to be 21. It is also good to be 76.

As a thank-offering for his coming of age Mr. Teddy Hulton has given £5000 to build a club for ex-service men and their wives at Stepney.

As a token of his gratitude for a long life Mr. Bernhard Baron is giving £25,000 to hospitals and a week's wages and a cake to everyone in his factories.

Both these men have grasped the great secret that happiness grows when you share it with others.

## ONE OF EUROPE'S GREAT ARTISTS

### CLAUDE MONET

Painter who Influenced the Painters of the World

### THE SUNNY SMILE

The great French artist Claude Monet has died at his home in Normandy.

A critic has called him the most important artist within living memory, partly because of his own beautiful work and partly because of the great influence it had on other artists.

Monet was born in Paris on the same day as the great sculptor Rodin, November 14, 1840. His father was a merchant, who opened a business in Havre, but little Claude preferred drawing caricatures to keeping accounts, and he persuaded a neighbour to exhibit some of his comic drawings in a shop window. A landscape painter named Boudin saw them, and was so struck by their cleverness that he sought the boy out and offered to teach him painting. When Monet was only sixteen he and Boudin exhibited pictures together.

### Little Money but Many Friends

But Monet soon had to give up painting to do his military service in Algeria, and he did not make his appearance in the Salon till 1865. His work at first brought him little money, but many interesting friends. At one time he was so poor that two artists joined forces to buy one of his pictures, and did not let him know who had purchased it. His pictures could then be bought for £2, yet before he died they were worth £1500 to £2000.

But he was no money-loving seller of canvases, and it is said that he once destroyed twenty of his pictures because he thought they were bad, although he was then at the height of his fame and could have sold them all for a large sum.

Monet was above all else a painter of light. His work has been described as a "sunny smile." He loved to paint gleaming skies, shimmering water, and dappled shade. It is said that he fulfilled what Constable and Turner attempted, and that he was greatly influenced by them.

### The Impressionists

It was from Monet that a certain school of painters got the name *Impressionists*. In 1874 he exhibited a picture called *Sunrise*: an Impression, and critics, making fun of him, turned the word into a nickname. A great many people have adopted the title who, however, have little in common with him.

Monet often visited England, where he painted Waterloo Bridge and other views of the Thames. Two of his paintings are in the Tate Gallery, and one is in the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh.

Monet never received any honour from the State, but he did not desire any. All he cared for was to paint the loveliness of earth, sky, and water. He spent his money on making a lake and island on his property in Normandy, so that he was able to study clouds and water in all sorts of light. There, far away from Paris, where his influence was paramount in every studio, the handsome old man spent his happy days. He was 86 when they ended.

### A CHANCE FOR OXFORD

For a long time South Parks, with its fine trees, has been a favourite playground for children who live in crowded Oxford streets, but plans have been made to build on it. A local resident has now offered the Oxford City Council forty acres as a free gift if they will preserve South Parks for the children.



There is only one veteran left of all the carrier-pigeons which served in the French Army through the war. Long may he live to enjoy his pension!



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 25 1926

## Peace on Earth

TIME has brought round once more the great day of goodwill to all mankind.

Who does not feel a little kinder on Christmas Day? Who, however hard this world may be, does not find it a little easier then? Where is the burden that is not a little lighter? Even the miser feels a touch of pity; even Scrooge's heart will melt. It is the magic of Christmas.

We find it everywhere. The rich man lays aside his cares, the poor forgets his sorrows. For young and old life rings with happiness. The old look back on joyous times of long ago; the young look forward and think there never was so bright a world as this. Once a year Father Time makes all men glad.

We like to think it is his way of teaching us the greatest thing life can teach us—that every one of us, be we never so young or never so poor, can make the music that is called the gladness of the world. It is in our hearts; we have only to wish for peace and we have it.

It is perfectly true that if all men wished for peace on Earth, on Earth there would be peace. It is because so many wish for selfish things that peace does not come. If the world will remember why it is happy on Christmas Day its joy need never end. It is happy because it is giving.

For 364 days in the year most of us are getting; for one day in the year most of us are giving. There have been 1926 Christmas Days, and not yet has the world learned what this fact means.

It means that happiness comes with giving. It is not the mere giving of money. To give money is a good and generous thing, for with most of us money is something we have worked hard for, and those we can give it to can buy with it things so much better than itself. But there are far more poor happy people than rich happy people in the world. The giving that brings happiness is the giving, not of our money, but of ourselves.

We who take from the world all that it can give us, whose happiness has been built up by the toil of a countless army of unknown lives, must put back our share into the common stock of life.

We must put back something good for every good we have received. We must think kindly of other people. We must do our fair share of work. We must give of our charity when we can. We must make life easier where we can. We must help to bear a load. We must dry a tear. We must go cheerfully about the world, making glad our way through it.

And so a very happy Christmas to every one of us. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Sixty Million Pounds

AMERICA has received the promise of a very handsome present. So prosperous has she been this year that the Government is going to make a remission of £60,000,000 in taxation as a New Year's gift.

In making the announcement President Coolidge said:

*We are blessed among the nations of the Earth. Our moral and spiritual life has kept measure with our material prosperity. We are not unmindful of the gratitude we owe to God for His watchful care, which has pointed out to us the ways of peace and happiness.*

It is a noble acknowledgment in an hour of unparalleled good fortune.

## A Story for Quarrellers

WE all wish the nations of Europe would learn to keep peace. Here is a little story of how an old couple in the country learned to keep it.

They agreed on a very satisfactory system of danger signals when either felt irritable. When the husband was feeling out of spirits or pugnacious he would walk in with his hat on the back of his head, and, thus warned, his wife would keep very quiet. If she felt out of humour she tossed her shawl over her left shoulder, and he was careful not to make conversation till the shawl came down again.

What a lot of bother it would save us all if some of our politicians or our angry strike-makers would copy this old couple's example!

## A Mother Works it Out

WE are not easily bored by stories of the cleverness of a dog, and here is one more which is true.

A tired writer could not go to sleep owing to the noise made by a litter of puppies shut up with their mother, a setter, in the room below. He came downstairs several times and established peace, but always the clamour arose again, and finally the man took his whip and went downstairs, this time punishing the mother.

Then he returned to bed. Would the mother understand and look after the pups?

The puppies broke out again, but almost directly the man heard short barks of distress, and knew that the mother was punishing her small tribe. She had worked it out, and did not see why she should be punished for what she had not done.

## Peter Puck's Christmas Pudding

Take a pair of helping hands,  
Goodwill and love; then, after,  
All you have of happiness  
And mix them well with laughter.  
Stir with courage. Don't forget  
Good humour for a flavour.  
Serve with content and give the whole  
A sweet and simple savour.

## Getting Better

LORD CURZON's life is being written, and we have no doubt that there will be many mentions of his pluck while enduring constant pain.

We think of the country patient who once said to his doctor, "I don't know whether the pain is better or whether I am getting used to it." There was a twinkle in the doctor's eyes. "The best thing you can do (he said) is to get used to it." The patient got used to it, and was better.

## Tip-Cat

MISS MERRY and Mr. Christmas have been married at Brondesbury. A Merry Christmas to them.

OSMAN DIGNA has died again, now, it is said, for the last time.

MUSSOLINI says he has a bust of Caesar always before him. He must not imitate it or he will not have a leg to stand on.

A CHICAGO analyst finds that the lime, sugar, and iron in a man's body are worth only four shillings.

Yet some men are supposed to be worth their weight in gold.

FASHION is never at a standstill. On the contrary, it is continually worn out.

UNDERGROUND tunnels are suggested for motorists. Then motoring will be beneath us.

U.S. is receiving a Christmas-box from its Chancellor of the Exchequer of £60,000,000. Unfortunately there is a full-stop between the U and the S.

A NEW star has been discovered by an American astronomer. It is rumoured that cinema managers are offering it an engagement.

A LAMP-POST has been stolen in Paris. When the culprit is caught it is expected that he will receive a light sentence.

WE hear of a man who has been round the world eight times. He is believed to have been looking for the way home.

## Wanted, a Champion

FRANCE has secured from the Pope a recognition of her claim to be champion of Christianity in the East. Who will champion it in Europe?

## The Spark

A SPARK from a kitchen has destroyed a palace.

A spark from a palace has destroyed millions of kitchens.

## The Day of Days

By Our Country Girl

THE air is cold, the skies are sad,  
But all the hearts on Earth  
are glad;

What though there be no stars  
tonight?

The lamps of Earth are all alight;  
And though there are no birds to  
sing

Yet all the bells of Earth do ring,  
For now the day of days is here,  
The best beloved of all the year.

A THOUSAND buds unfold in May;  
The flowers are dead on  
Christmas Day;

Red apples deck the summer's  
prime,

No tree bears fruit at Christmas  
time.

But still this frozen time is blest,  
And praised and loved above the  
rest,

For on this day of holy mirth  
Came Love and Pity down to  
Earth;

And where's the lily, where's the  
rose,

Can match these blossoms of the  
snows?

## The Old Order Changes

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

ONE of these ways surely is the grow-  
ing of new ideas in our minds.

The happiness of the whole world depends on our ideas today. It is a tremendous thought. Are our ideas to be those of self-seeking, of striving only for gain, or are they to be of sharing? On just this difference depends the happiness of the world.

We are members of a great nation. Across the seas are other nations. What is to be the way in which each of us acts toward the other? Is it to be the way of self-seeking or the way of sharing? That will depend on the thoughts of those of us who make up the nation.

What are our ideas when we play cricket and football? To do our best for the team. Carry that idea on and it means striving for the good of all the people round us. Carry it farther, into the affairs of the world, and we shall have nations working together for the good of all.

Thinking seems a small thing, but from small thoughts come mighty things. The old order dies away and the new one takes its place. All honour to those who have the courage now to think aright.

## Wise Men

Unto the little Christ Child's birth  
Were brought the costliest gifts of  
Earth.

The Wise Men myrrh and gold did  
bring,  
As if He were an earthly king.

His kingdom was of love. The world  
Blindly the flag of hate unfurled.  
The cross and crown to Him were given  
Because He was the king of heaven.

He waits for us to turn again  
From wars and bloodshed among men.  
He waits for wise men to prepare  
Peace for His frankincense and myrrh.

Flora Sandström



December 25, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## LIVING WITH A WOLF

THE STRANGE FACE  
PEEPING OUT OF A HOLEExtraordinary Story of a Girl  
from the JungleTHE CHILD OF THE DARK  
CORNERS

There comes from India this week as strange a tale as has ever been told.

It comes from an outlying district close by the native Mayurbani State, where a tribe of Todhas live a primitive hunting life. The Todhas were afraid of a cave in the jungle, where spirits were said to peep out of a hole; but one day a party of natives, perhaps less superstitious than the others, or more inquisitive, went with poles and spades to dig up the hole. They had not got far with their digging when two wolves dashed out among them. The digging stopped.

## Children Like Wild Animals

When, however, some of the Todhas plucked up courage to return they found that one wolf, as frightened as themselves, had bolted into the jungle. The other, the she-wolf, stood snarling by the hole that had been dug. From a safe distance the native hunters shot her down with arrows. They came back and went on digging.

Soon they came to two wolf cubs and two strange creatures whom they had taken for ghosts. They were like yet unlike native children, but they scuttled away from the intruders like wild animals, growling and barking, and going along the rough ground on hands and feet. Though they were frightened, the Todhas soon ceased to be afraid of them. Perhaps if they had been afraid the fugitives would have been killed like the wolf. Instead they were captured.

## The Todha's Story

But what was to be done with them? One of the Todhas, realising that the captives were some kind of girl, though one was little more than a baby and the other (as afterwards turned out) about eight years old, took them to his hut and turned them out into its enclosure, a sort of rough garden. He thought they might help in guarding his cattle.

But these two poor little wolf girls would not grow up as the Todha intended. They would not touch food. Nothing could be done with them or for them. Sores broke out all over their poor little bodies. The Todha thought they were going to die.

In his perplexity he waited on the missionary who, on the rounds of his widely-scattered parish, sometimes came that way. He went up to the Rev. J. L. P. Singh, a native pastor, when his bullock-cart was near Godamuri village, and asked the driver for a light. The pastor saw that he had something on his mind, and questioned him. The Todha hesitated for some time, but at last out came his story. He had heard that the missionary was in charge of an orphanage. Would Mr. Singh take his two girls?

## Like Scared Animals

The missionary readily agreed and asked to be shown them. So the Todha took him along a jungle-path, so narrow that a way had here and there to be cut for the bullock-cart, till at last the native hut was reached. There, said the Todha, rather affrightedly pointing to the staked enclosure at the back, were the two girls.

Mr. Singh stared. He could hardly believe his eyes. In the corner, next to a pot of rice, were two pitiful naked things huddled together. He would not have known they were girls. They were weak as kittens; their sad little bodies were covered with sores. They rolled their eyes at him like scared animals. But it was clear to his understanding that if something were not done they would die.

So he gathered them up in his bullock-cart and took them back to the Midnapur

## A TRUE STORY OF LAST CHRISTMAS

A WRITER, reflecting on what are sometimes called worthless characters, says in a book recently published that "it calls for the genius of a saint or a poet to discover in the sea of wretchedness some island on which love can set its foot."

The following story, which is true, tells of such an island in the hearts of two men commonly called footpads, and deserves to be remembered. The incident took place in New York.

A man who loved children made a collection among his friends in aid of a fund he had started for poor children who were not likely to receive any gifts at all last Christmas.

He had collected 120 dollars, and was hastening home with the money one cold

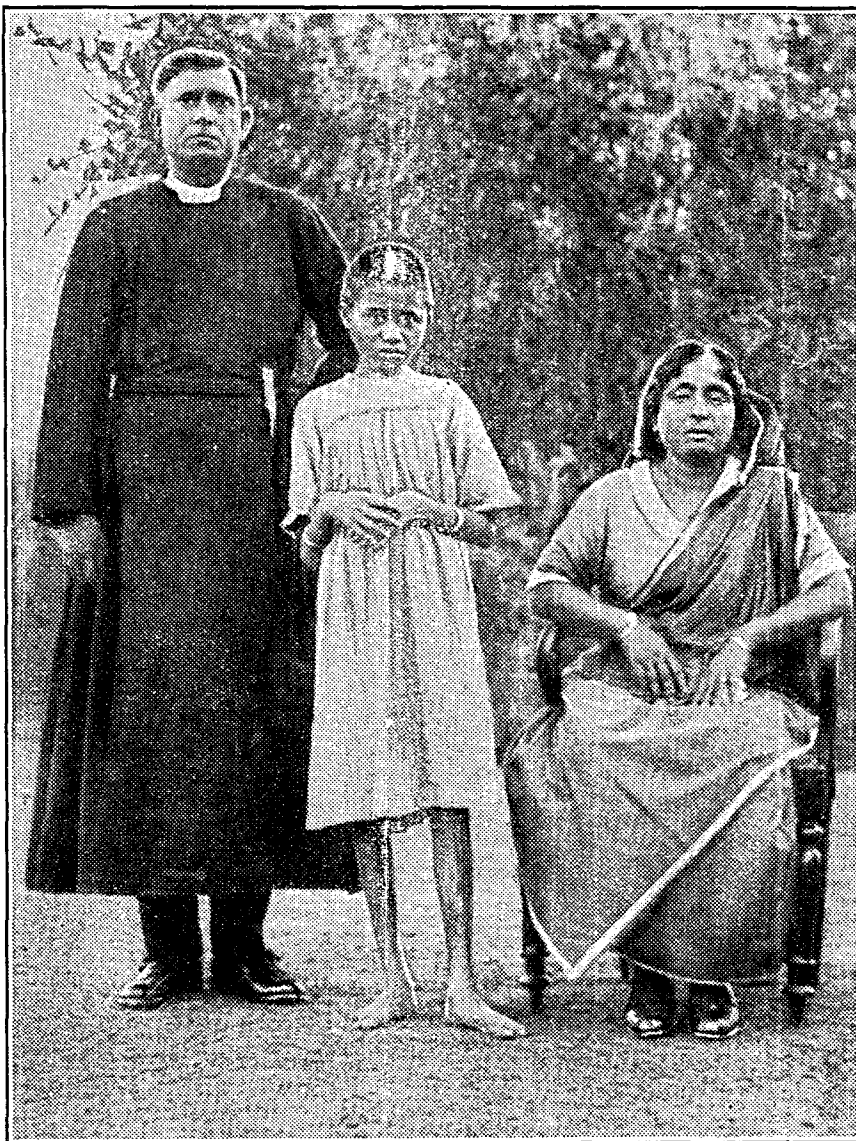
night in December of last year when he was set upon by two men, one of whom gagged and held him in a tight grip while the other robbed him of the wallet containing the money.

The incident was reported the next day in the newspapers, and the evening post brought him this letter:

"Sir, My mate and I have just seen in the paper that the money we stole from you was for the kiddies' Christmas stockings, so we now return it to you, and are only sorry that we have already spent two dollars of it."

The love of children was the island in those two hearts upon which Love could set its foot, and find, perhaps, a lasting resting-place.

## THE CHILD FROM A WOLF'S LAIR



This is the girl brought up by a wolf in India and found in the wolf's lair by a native, who passed her on to an orphanage in charge of Mr. Singh and his wife. See next column

orphanage, keeping life in them during the three days' journey by feeding them with milk. They did not know how to drink it. He fed them.

Their second life then began at the orphanage. Mr. Singh and his wife were very reluctant to let their stay get about, for a native girl in those parts has a very poor life unless she marries, and the missionary thought no one would marry these girls when they grew up if they were thought to be wolf children.

But wolf children they remained. They sat like four-legged animals, with their limbs crouched, their bodies resting on their forearms. They would not touch food they had not smelled, but raw meat was what they wanted. They could search it out by smell, and would seek it like animals, rolling their eyes and making animal-like noises.

Other children they shrank from, but the fowls, the dogs, the cattle, were their friends. They chose straw to sleep on, and clung to one another while they slept. So their strange, unnatural life went on, almost without change or improvement, till they fell ill, and the

medical officer had to be called in. He insisted on having the history of the patients before prescribing for them, and it was in this way that the strange story became more widely known.

In spite of all the doctor could do the younger girl, then about four, died. The elder happily recovered, and is now about 13 or 14, as odd, and perhaps as helpless, a child as can be imagined. She can say only 35 words altogether, every one of which has been taught her since Mr. Singh found her. Teaching her anything at all, even to giving up walking on all-fours, has been a long business. Five years she has been at the orphanage, and in many ways she is still the orphan of the wolf.

What was her history? Who can tell how her earliest years were spent by the poor child who still sits by herself in dark corners, who never smiles or cries, who cares for nobody but the missionary's wife? It may have been that the two sisters had been left out to die by some un pitying parent, and that the wolf had more pity for them and took them home to play with the cubs.

AN EXPLORER'S  
GREAT SURPRISE  
IN THE TRACK OF LIFE  
BEFORE MANConqueror of the Earth Finds  
Creatures Here Before HimDR. ROY ANDREWS TELLS  
HIS STORY

It is one of the unwritten laws of the realm of exploration that no explorer feels himself fitly crowned until our Royal Geographical Society has heard his story and set the seal of its approval upon his efforts and achievements.

From the North Pole and the South, from all the regions of the Earth, the explorers come, and the latest of the illustrious host, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, who found the dinosaurs and their eggs, was acclaimed with special enthusiasm.

His wonderful narrative to the Society made us all wish for more, and it is happily available. Dr. Andrews has written his story in a wonderful book issued by Putnam's, one of the most stirring and romantic books that any traveller has had the good fortune to produce. It is called *On the Trail of Ancient Man*, and though it is twenty-five shillings it is worth it, and more.

## A 3000-Mile Journey.

The book records the splendid finds in Central Asia, where in the parching Gobi Desert Dr. Andrews unearthed examples of prehistoric reptiles, the eggs they laid, the baby reptiles which had begun to form in the eggs.

It was written at the end of a three-thousand-mile journey from Peking, a journey accomplished by motor-cars and lorries, supported by camel caravans that marched only two miles an hour, in a climate which sways between summer and winter temperatures in the course of a day and a night, which in winter has 70 to 80 degrees of frost and in summer has bitter winds, icy hail, and blinding storms of sand.

## A Camp on a Fossil Bed

Yet here ten million years ago were pleasant woods and smiling plains, teeming with myriads of reptiles, great and small, the reptiles which stocked both Europe and America. The party began by finding remains of extinct rhinoceroses and of the huge titanotheres, which was a giant before Man arose. They were intent on living species of unknown rats when lo, scattered at the foot of a crumbling hillside, there appeared the bones of a dinosaur, the first ever discovered in Asia north of the Himalayas. The explorers were actually encamped on a fossil bed of the reptiles.

There were many species of dinosaurs in the collection made in later days, and it remained but to discover eggs as well when the wonder actually happened. There were the eggs in a nest, just as they had been laid, true reptile eggs, proving to have shells one-sixteenth of an inch thick. By the side of the nest was the skeleton of a small toothless dinosaur, an egg-eater, which was probably in the act of robbing the nest when the sandstorm that buried the robber and its banquet came.

## Dinosaur Eggs by the Dozen

No one had ever seen a dinosaur's egg before; Andrews and his happy comrades found them by the dozen.

But there were other sensational finds of prehistoric wonders, among them a baluchitherium, 13 feet high, with a neck like a giraffe's, found where it had sunk in a quicksand by a stream. There were many adventures, too, including an attack by ferocious dogs, which tried to eat the sleeping explorers.

Dr. Andrews has given us a magnificent story of scientific adventure and discovery in an ancient wonderland, all written lightly and brightly, as if he were telling his adventures to his brother,



## THE EMPIRE'S TREES

### GOOD NEWS FROM THE FORESTS

Nearly Two Million Square Miles of Timber

### IMMENSE OPPORTUNITIES BEFORE US

We are constantly being warned that with a continuance of the thoughtless and wanton destruction of timber the world will be brought face to face with a timber famine.

It is cheering to know, then, that with care in cutting and prudence in planting our resources are still not contemptible.

The report of the Imperial Forestry Institute of the University of Oxford shows that the British Empire possesses 1,837,000 square miles of forest, of which rather more than a third can be reached and the timber marketed. Here are fine fields for the new school of scientific foresters who are now being trained for Imperial service among the woods.

#### What is Mahogany?

A catalogue of the timber contained in that enormous area of forest land would embrace every kind of tree known to mankind, and others—for we do not know all Earth's tree-growths yet. Only last year 20 new species were found on the Gold Coast alone. And is it not curious that, while we all think we know mahogany when we see it, there are no fewer than 172 distinct species of trees which, described as mahogany, are not mahogany at all!

The Empire's forests cover an area equalling more than 300 Englands, yet England seems a vast place to people who have never been beyond its coasts. Our own forests today are small enough, yet once upon a time they were considerable. Romans cut them down to make roads and towns and to get fuel for their houses as well as for the smelting of ores. Saxons and Normans followed suit, and the entire nation burned timber in their fireplaces, as well as for industrial purposes, till the common use of coal began in Stuart days. Even so, a return in Elizabeth's reign showed that we still possessed 69 royal forests and 700 parks which had been fenced in from forests.

#### Foxes in Kensington Gardens

Hyde Park was once part of an immense forest that surrounded London. Deer were hunted there down to 1768. As late as 1798 the Government had to award an £18 pension to the widow of a man who had been killed by a shot from a keeper who was hunting foxes in Kensington Gardens; and badgers were there till toward the end of last century.

And life was perilous in our old English forests. They sheltered wolves, fierce stags, wild bulls, wild boars, wild cats, and dogs which in time of stress were little less wild and terrible than wolves. But what birds they had, what butterfly life, what a wealth of flowers!

We have still some forest glories left, Sherwood, Charnwood, Epping, the New Forest, and so on, but for romance, mystery, new discoveries of botanical and animal life, we must up and out into the Empire. Pigmy men and women, pigmy elephants, pigmy deer, okapis, strange birds, and fantastic reptiles are in the dark and secret woods, and our young foresters will have much to learn, much to teach us, in their vast areas of virgin forest lands.

#### THE TIN HAT GOING

The tin hat which French soldiers wore during the war is now being replaced by a felt hat of the same shape. It bears the traditional grenade in front, and is to be adopted throughout the army, being lighter and more comfortable than the steel helmet.

## MELBA SINGS FOR A SHILLING

Madame Melba has sung at the Old Vic, and the rather mean and ugly streets round Waterloo Road have been besieged by cheering crowds, waiting to hear the great prima donna for a shilling, a thing that has never been possible before.

Up went the prices when Melba promised to sing at the Vic. In the gallery they jumped all the way from fivepence to a shilling in honour of the occasion and of the cause, which was the excellent cause of building a second Old Vic at Sadler's Wells, the famous old theatre in Clerkenwell which the Carnegie trustees have bought so that Miss Lilian Baylis may give opera every night in London. About £10,000 is still needed by March.

The story of how Madame Melba came to sing in two operas to the working-men and women of South London is a story of a promise not only fulfilled but more than fulfilled.

#### After Twelve Years

Just before the war, when the Old Vic was famous only in its own circle of humble opera lovers, and had not yet become the famous home of Shakespeare, Madame Melba promised Miss Baylis that she would sing Tosti's Goodbye as a curtain raiser to one of the operas that was to be performed, but just before the time arrived, her father fell ill, and she had to go back to Australia. Then the war broke out.

Twelve years passed, and then Miss Baylis suggested that perhaps Madame Melba would sing her song to help the Old Vic. Instead of that, Madame Melba said she would do more. She would sing herself and get the assistance of other Australian singers. And she and they came at their own expense from distant parts of Europe to keep a good promise and help a good cause.

Madame Melba's kindness did not stop there. When she came to rehearse she found a little crowd of ragged children at the stage door, and they were enchanted when Miss Baylis invited them to come in. In they trooped, and the great singer sang to them as if they were kings and emperors.

Now happy Miss Baylis, who has expended so much kindness in her life that no one among her countless friends can deny her anything, is looking forward to one more dream coming true.

#### POOR ROBERT ABEL

##### A Sad Seventieth Birthday

What a sad case is that of poor Robert Abel, for whom a fund is now being raised!

Twenty years ago he retired from professional cricket, with the plaudits of all England ringing in his ears. He was one of the most famous batsmen ever produced by the famous cricketing county of Surrey, and all wished him well when he opened a bat shop hard by the Oval, where he had made history.

For a time he prospered, but about six years ago he began to lose his sight, and could no longer give to the business the attention it required. Now his seventieth birthday has found him nearly blind, and full of trouble.

A friend of the C.N. called to see him, and the little man came out and stood in the doorway of his little house in Handforth Road, Kennington, blinking through his spectacles and peering close to see who was there. He shook his head sadly when asked how things were with him. They were very bad.

Hanging on the wall were two photographic groups showing Bobby Abel with the cricket giants of his day. They are all he has left to remind him of happier days.

What a sorry fate for this great little man, who in his time took a whole eleven of Abels, five sons and five cousins and nephews, to bat and bowl with him in the cause of charity!

## THE SON OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

### When He was Missing and Where They Found Him

### A TOUCH OF HIS FATHER

The C.N. owes a tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln's son Robert, for it once did him an injustice for which it duly made atonement. Now, a little while after his death, it is a pleasure to print this story of the last link with Abraham Lincoln's household.

He was a great politician and at one time Secretary for War. On one occasion he arrived at a certain town to make a speech on behalf of the Republican Party in the McKinley-Roosevelt election. It was to be a great rally; the climax of the campaign.

Lincoln arrived in the town quietly, and excused himself early from a preliminary reception. After some hours his friends went to his hotel to find him, and to ask him if he were ready. The door was locked. No one responded to the repeated knocks of the bell-boy. Half frightened, they all went to the room, fearing that something had befallen Lincoln. A chambermaid soon opened the door, but the place was empty.

#### A Forgotten Engagement

Lincoln's baggage was there, however, and they started to hunt for him, but at first without avail. Then the orator of the day was finally found in the northern part of the city, at the home of an aged black woman, Mrs. Maria Vance, enjoying a fine meal of corn and bacon.

Mrs. Vance had been cook before the war in the Lincoln household at Springfield, and nurse to young Robert. Lincoln had heard that his old nurse was still living, and had hunted her up and forgotten his engagement!

His friends hustled him away to the park, where a great and impatient crowd awaited him. No sooner was his task over than Lincoln returned to the lowly Vance home, and enjoyed more hours of talk with his old nurse until it was near the time for his train. From that day until her death Mrs. Vance received a substantial cheque from him each month from Chicago.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The sales of National Savings Certificates have reached over 780 millions.

Glasgow is to make slum clearances which will affect 14,000 dwellings and 50,000 people.

A motor-car has appeared in Germany with its engine behind the seats instead of in front.

#### What a Landslide Did

A landslide on a mountain near Glenfarn, County Leitrim, has revealed a valuable coal seam.

#### Salmon Leaping Again

For the first time in many years salmon have been observed leaping below Wilne Weir Pool in the River Derwent.

#### A Schoolboy's Plane

At a competition among Berlin children in the construction of home-made aeroplane models the winning model flew about 500 feet.

#### A Roman's Money-Box

The other day someone discovered an old Roman money-box at Viviers, a hollow stone in which a large number of Roman coins had been buried.

#### Hadrian's Wall

Near Heddon-on-the-Wall, in Northumberland, beneath an old roadway which was being repaired, a remnant of Hadrian's Wall has been discovered.

#### Derby's Throne from the East

When the church of All Saints, Derby, becomes the cathedral of the new diocese its bishop's throne will be a very beautiful one, saved from a pillaged church in Turkey.

#### Two Years Without Rain

No rain has fallen for two years in the Prieska district in the north-west of the Cape Province of South Africa. Water is obtained from boreholes, but there is very little milk for the lambs.

## ACROSS 1600 YEARS

### The Message on the Gate Post

#### HEIR OF ALL THE AGES, WE

Sixteen hundred years or more ago, at a spot now known as Solva, in Pembrokeshire, some of the earliest Christians of our land made a stone column, five feet high and five feet round, and carved on one side of it a cross.

It was their message of hope to the generations after them, and there it has stood all these years. But the message has only just been received by us. The column has been there for all to see, but the face of the cross has been hidden. To the passer-by, and even to its owner, the stone was nothing but a gate-post bounding an ancient wall.

But the stone wall slowly crumbled, and now, in its crumbling, it has revealed the column's hidden side and the sacred emblem it bears.

In this wonderful land of ours, and throughout this wonderful world, every day brings to light some such message from the past, reminding us of the greatness of our heritage. *Heir of all the ages, we.* Ours be it, then, to repay the debt in service to our own time and to our heirs.

## NEW ZEALAND'S WAR ON THE BLACKBERRY

### Our Little Friend as an Enemy

Going blackberrying is one of the charms of a country holiday in England, and we love to see the friendly little fruit in our hedgerows.

Sixty years ago New Zealand had no blackberries, and a well-meaning colonist imported and planted a bush. There is still, say the New Zealanders, only one blackberry-bush in New Zealand, but it stretches for two hundred miles along the western coast of South Island! It has captured and occupied nearly a hundred thousand acres of dairy pasture.

So war has been declared on it, and £4000 has been set aside for research into the best means of exterminating it. It is hoped to do it by importing insects to eat it up. There are insects in Europe which it is believed would do it, but it is necessary to ascertain what else they would eat up if let loose on the countryside.

Blackberries are akin to apples and roses and many other plants that are not noxious even in New Zealand, so the insects must have a discriminating taste. In face of Australia's experience with rabbits and cats the authorities mean to hasten slowly.

## 400,000 PEACE CARDS

### And One Waiting for You

The spirit of Peace and Goodwill is what the world needs more than anything else, now and always, and among the many agencies trying to spread the spirit of peace honourable mention is deserved by what is being done in the port of Penarth, South Wales.

There a Children's League of Peace and Goodwill has been established by our old friend Mr. John Kyte Collett. It appeals to "all the children of all the races." Peace literature is circulated, and children joining have membership cards and medals. This is the pledge of membership on the cards: "I promise to pray to Jesus evening and morning to make me, and all other children, lovers of Peace and Goodwill, like Himself, the Prince of Peace."

Over 400,000 of these membership cards are out in nearly all parts of the world. It is a mighty number. Four hundred thousand men and women loving peace more than all could save the world.



December 25, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

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## THE THIRSTY DAYS OF SOUTHERN LANDS

### HOW DO ANIMALS LIVE WITHOUT WATER?

The Camel, the Clothes Moth, the Antelope, and the Ass  
A DONKEY IN A WAISTCOAT

By Our Natural Historian

Thirst is not one of the pressing difficulties of an English winter, but summer comes to countries south of the Equator while winter is with us. The problem is now acute there, and the subject has just come into prominence in two or three quarters.

A scientist has been asking and answering the question How do animals live without moisture? Of course they do not live without moisture. What, then, of the clothes moth, the caterpillar of which lives on bone-dry fabric? The moth never drinks, the caterpillar never drinks, yet the larva's body is found to contain 80 per cent of water!

#### In the Gobi Desert

The explanation is that wool contains a substance composed of molecules in which water does exist. The wool is not actually dry; inter-cellular fluid is there and is extracted by the caterpillar when it makes its meal.

The problem is well understood in the case of such desert animals as the camel. This animal does drink, but it has frequent periods without drinking. It has special storage batteries of water in its system; it extracts fluid from its food; it converts its 50 pounds of hump-fat into 50 pounds of sustaining water; and it wastes practically no moisture in the form of sweat.

Dr. Roy Andrews has set down in his new book some observations on the same question with regard to the wild asses and antelopes he has been studying in Mongolia. There these animals are, thousands strong, in the Gobi Desert, seldom or never drinking, yet superb in condition, in fleetness, strength, and endurance. The sage-brush and the stiff grass of the desert are both meat and drink to these fine creatures, so they are able to keep far out in the desert, away from water and so away from wolves. The juices of the desert vegetation are drink enough for them.

#### A Strange Spectacle

There is a most amusing story of one of these asses, a baby only 24 hours old. Before it was captured it ran over a mile at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and it kicked like a veteran when caught.

Night settled down cold and forbidding, and the question arose how to keep the baby warm. One member of the party took off his fur-lined leather waistcoat, put the foal's forelegs through the sleeves, folded the garment round its body, and buttoned it. Dr. Andrews lent a suitable collar. Then they slept, but in the morning the captive was a captive no longer, but free and gone.

Somewhere in Central Asia there may still be a baby donkey at large wearing a motoring waistcoat and a collar, a spectacle strange enough to awaken the dead bones of the dinosaurs! E. A. B.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

The Golden Dawn diamond	£4950
Painting by Lancelotti	£1890
Pair of paintings by A. Watteau	£1522
Pair of 16th-century fire-dogs	£1300
Set of eight Chippendale chairs	£651
Roubilliac's bust of himself	£620
Commonwealth silver-gilt tazza	£276
Queen Anne State bedstead	£252
A porcelain figure of a boy	£183
Panel of Mortlake tapestry	£126
An old English mirror	£110

## ROBERT AND THE GOLF BALL

### The World's Champion Crow

A STORY FROM ST. GERMAIN

We gave the other day the story of the rooks who rejected a rotten tree for nesting; here is the tale of a crow.

We have felt sometimes that not enough fuss has been made about crows. Swallows, blackbirds, nightingales, and larks have it all their own way. Now a crow has come to the fore, and he is the world's champion in crows.

He has a title. He is Robert le Diable, of St. Germain, near Paris.

Robert has many gifts. He is imaginative, and chiefly imagines that any new golf balls he sees left for a moment unwatched on the St. Germain course are left there for him. He has imagined this and acted on it so often that we are terrified lest he may be shot, whereas he ought to be regarded with admiration and trained for a caddy. He might be a help to anyone who got stuck in a bunker for a week-end.

#### A Provoking Bird

Robert does not mind in the least whose ball he takes, and as the course is used by people of many nations there are all kinds of speeches in several languages, even in Japanese, being made about him.

He hides himself in a dense wood round which the fourth, fifth, and sixth holes of the course congregate. No matter how many parties are playing, if a ball falls near his tree Robert is on it like a hawk. Once he has it he will not drop it. Shouting does no good. Even hurling an iron at him does no good; it only breaks the iron, as a Scotsman found the other day. The Scotsman was playing a new ball which he had only found at the previous hole, and, of course, he was annoyed when Robert took it.

Robert prefers new balls, but occasionally condescends to an old one. We hope his nest will be built in time, and we trust it may be more comfortable than would appear to be likely.

## A SIGNAL-BOX IDEA

### New Step Toward Safety

How much more useful a signaller would feel if he could put on the brakes of a train instead of merely signalling to the driver to do so when danger threatens!

That is just what a new German invention enables him to do. Tests have been made with entire success on a suburban line in Berlin, and it is now to be installed on a main line where fog is very prevalent and trains are in great danger of over-running the signals. If this is successful the whole German railway system will be equipped.

When the signal is at danger and a train comes up an electric current from the rails acts directly on the brakes without the help of the driver, and the train is brought to a standstill.

## CONGRATULATIONS

### A Mother and Daughter of China

We congratulate this week Miss Kathleen Hoaching on being a fully qualified solicitor at 23, and on being the first Chinese woman to pass the final examination.

We also congratulate her on having a mother who was the first Chinese woman to become a Fellow of Ireland's Royal College of Surgeons.

Miss Hoaching will probably practise in Singapore. She is as much interested in flowers and animals as in the law, and she studied at an agricultural college in Kent before she became articled to a London firm of solicitors.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### The Fame of Macaulay

On December 28, 1859, died Macaulay.

I hear that Mr. Macaulay is to be returned. If he speaks half as well as he writes the House will be in fashion again.

LORD BEACONSFIELD

What his violins were to Stradivarius, and his frescoes to Leonardo, and his campaigns to Napoleon, that was his history to Macaulay.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN

He is the Pope of English prose; he often gives two sentiments or facts in a single line. No preceding writer in prose, in any modern language with which we are acquainted, has carried this art of abbreviation, or, rather, cramming of ideas, to such a length.

ARCHIBALD ALISON

From Eton and Harrow down to an elementary school in St. Giles's or Bethnal Green Macaulay's Essays are a text-book. At home and in the colonies they are on every bookshelf between Shakespeare and the Bible.

JOHN MORLEY

## NEW EYES FOR THE SKY

### Electric Air Camera

#### THE BAND OF FILM WITH A HUNDRED PICTURES

Almost all the big survey work in foreign countries is now being done by photographs taken from aeroplanes.

Photographs are taken at regular intervals while the airman is flying at a fixed rate, and thousands of such photographs may afterwards be mounted to compose a mosaic of the country being surveyed.

A wonderful new camera has recently been invented for this work. Mounted in the cockpit of the aeroplane, it points downward and takes a hundred pictures of the world below at regular intervals on a band of photographic film 65 feet long. The camera is worked by electricity at fixed intervals, and at the side of each picture is another picture made by five tiny cameras fixed inside the big camera, which show in each photograph the time it was taken, the height of the aeroplane, the number of the picture, and the level of the airman.

Not long ago a region of Africa which would have taken six months by ordinary surveying methods was surveyed in two days in this way. A new expedition is leaving for Africa in the New Year, and further expeditions with this new electric camera have been planned all over the world.

## RUNNING AN ENGINE ON FLOUR

### Wonder Upon Wonder

A remarkable engine has been constructed by the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States which runs on flour or starch powder mixed with air.

Experiments are being made with a view of finding what solid substances in the form of powder can be mixed with air and exploded in the cylinders of an engine. An ordinary Ford motor-engine has been slightly altered, and the spark used to ignite the explosive charge in the cylinders has been made hotter and larger, and with these alterations powdered starch has been used in place of petrol.

The Bureau of Chemistry has shown that possibly hundreds of waste materials can be used in powder form to drive a motor-car. Many more experiments are to be made, and there is no doubt that some new kinds of fuel will be discovered which will help to keep the world supplied with power.

## A CLUSTER OF GIANT SUNS

### THE STARS OF ORION

#### Globe of Fiery Gas 240 Million Miles Across

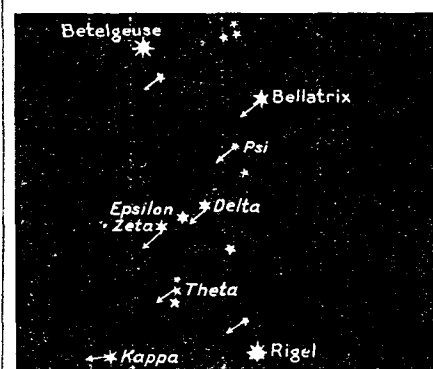
### A GREAT NEBULA

By the C.N. Astronomer

Orion, the grandest constellation in the Heavens, may now during these long, dark evenings be seen at its best.

Covering a large area of the sky to the left of the Hyades, its chief stellar features will be readily identified with the aid of our star map. Orion, like the Hyades, is an "open" cluster of suns, and though much vaster in extent possesses many points of resemblance with them, and still more with the Pleiades.

But all the stars of the Orion constellation are not part of the Orion cluster, as may be proved by noting the type of sun, its distance where



The chief stars of Orion

possible, and the direction in which it is travelling through space. Betelgeuse, for instance, the bright star of reddish hue, is not part of the Orion cluster, but, like Aldebaran, is in such terrific commotion as to be in a state of constantly expanding and contracting.

These upheavals on Betelgeuse are perceptible to the naked eye when, at irregular intervals of many months, it brightens up and then decreases again. Its average diameter is about 240 million miles; therefore it is a giant sun, 277 times the width of our own. Its distance is twelve million times as far, so its light takes nearly 190 years to reach us.

Betelgeuse is much nearer to us than to the stars of the great Orion cluster; these are between 500 and 750 light-years away, and so three to four times as far. The chief stars of the Orion cluster are easily identified by the star map, for they have arrows attached, showing that they are all travelling in the same direction, toward the south-east from our point of view.

This cluster is, therefore, of vast extent, and the suns are of colossal dimensions, far greater than our Sun, which would be quite invisible to the naked eye at this distance.

#### The Hottest Stars Known

The suns, blue-white in colour, are of the hottest type known, attaining surface temperatures varying from 16,500 degrees Centigrade for Bellatrix and Psi to 26,500 degrees for Delta, Zeta, and Epsilon, the Belt stars, and also Kappa and Phi; while the famous multiple star Theta attains, according to the scale of Professors Fowler and Milne, the terrific heat of 35,000 degrees Centigrade, the hottest known. Bellatrix radiates about 8000 times the light of our Sun and the Belt stars about 4000 times as much, from which we infer that they are all some hundreds of times its size.

Most marvellous of all, the interstellar space between these suns is not a void, such as we know it in our part of the Universe; but instead the whole region of the Orion cluster is filled with nebulous and cosmic matter in such a state of varied luminosity as to produce the grandest spectacle in the heavens, the Great Nebula of Orion. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Saturn south-east. Evening, Jupiter south-west, Mars south



# S.O.S.

## CHAPTER 35

### Alan Upton Shuts Down

VALDA opened the door of an upstairs room. "Here is the set," he said.

Jim stopped short and stood staring.

"What is the matter?" asked his host in surprise.

"Matter? Why, I never saw such a set in my life," exclaimed Jim. "It—it's wonderful!"

The great singer smiled. "I am glad you like it. Wireless is a hobby of mine."

But Jim was already seated in front of the set, busy with it. Valda watched him.

"He knows about it," he said in a low voice to Sam.

"He's a blessed miracle, sir," replied Sam. "And he learned it all himself."

Valda was hugely interested, and asked many questions. The two were still deep in talk when suddenly Jim spoke.

"I've got him," he said in triumph. "Do you understand Morse, Señor?"

"But yes," replied Valda, and, sitting down quickly, put on a pair of phones. After that the silence in the quiet room was broken only by the rapid scratch of Jim's fountain pen as he made notes on a pad. This went on for perhaps twenty minutes, then Sam saw Jim and their host at the same time give a sort of start.

"He's gone!" said Jim sharply.

Valda took off his phones. "Let us hope that he will come back," he said gravely.

"What's the matter?" demanded Sam. "What's happened?"

Jim turned. "The Bakairi are attacking the valley, and Upton has gone to help to drive them back."

"But I thought they couldn't attack," objected Sam. "Upton said there was only one way in, by some sort of tunnel."

Jim shook his head. "He did tell us so, but whether the savages have found that or some other way in I don't know. All he had time to say was that the Bakairi were attacking, and that if he got through safely he would call us up tomorrow. We are to be ready at ten in the morning."

For a few moments no one spoke, for all three were very troubled. Then Sam asked a question:

"These Hula folk—they've got lots of gold. Why don't they buy off the Bakairi?"

"That's exactly what I asked Upton," replied Jim, "and he told me that the Bakairi don't care twopenny about gold. What they're after is slaves. If they get in they'll take all the younger people of the Hulas as slaves and kill the older ones, and Upton says they'll smash all the statues, simply because they're afraid of them."

"They are superstitious," explained Valda. "They believe these old images can hurt them."

"It's a pretty kettle of fish," said Sam ruefully, "especially as Upton has told us these Hulas are absolutely no use at fighting. It looks as if Upton would have to tackle the whole job by himself."

"Even cowards will follow a good leader," said Valda comfortingly. "I feel that our brave friend will live to tell us how he defeated the savages."

Jim got up. "There's nothing more to be heard tonight, Señor," he said, "and I think Sam and I ought to go back."

Their host rang and told his servant to bring the car round, and in a few minutes the two boys were being driven back by a chauffeur in a magnificent car.

## CHAPTER 36

### Sam Has Doubts

WHEN they met at breakfast next morning Professor Thorold told them he had meant to leave Rio that morning, but as it was necessary to wait till they had news from Alan

## The Wireless Mystery

By T. C. Bridges

he would take the afternoon train to Goyaz.

"It gives that beggar Gadsden the start," said Greg Thorold, frowning. "Never mind," said Sam confidently. "We'll beat him when we once get going."

The Professor looked at Sam and smiled. "So you have decided to come with us, Lusty?"

"Yes, sir. If you'll pay my fare as far as this place up the line I'll walk the rest of the way. I reckon I can earn my keep."

"You have earned more than that already by getting Jim out of that mess," said Mr. Thorold. "I shall be glad and grateful to have you, my boy."

Sam reddened a little.

"Thank you, sir. And might I ask you a favour?"

"Of course."

"Then maybe you'd call me Sam, sir, instead of Lusty, like Jim does."

The Professor laughed outright. "I think you are doing me the favour, not I you. But, hullo! who is this?"

Jim sprang up.

"It's Señor Valda, sir," he said, as he hurried to meet the great singer, who, dressed in a suit of spotless white drill, looked even bigger and broader than before. Jim introduced him, and Mr. Thorold at once began to thank him for what he had done the previous evening.

Valda laughed, and everyone in the big dining-room turned at the deep, melodious sound.

"There is nothing to thank me for, Professor. Your young friends gave me the most interesting evening I have had for years. But my car is outside and it is already past nine o'clock. I am as anxious as you to hear what has become of this brave young Upton. Will you not all come to my house with me?"

Professor Thorold accepted the offer gratefully, and the party was whirled swiftly up the steep streets to the singer's house at Tres Montes.

Presently they were all in the wireless room and Jim was sitting with the phones over his head. Ten struck, but no reply came to his signals, and as the minutes dragged by they all began to feel anxious.

"He's done for, I'm afraid," said the Professor at last. "Those brutes must have got him."

Sam grunted.

"I don't believe it," he muttered.

Suddenly Jim flung up his hand.

"Quiet, please. Something is coming through."

The others watched him breathlessly, and as they saw his expression change to doubt and then to horror their faces fell. At last he looked round. "It's all up," he said heavily. "Upton says it's no use our trying to come to Hula: the Bakairi have broken in and he is clearing out."

A dismayed silence followed his words. It was broken by Sam.

"I don't believe it," he said.

"They all turned to him."

"What do you mean, Sam?" asked Jim. "Have you gone crazy?"

"Not me. If the Bakairi have really got into the place Upton wouldn't be answering you at all. The very first thing they'd have done would be to kill him."

"But—but Upton has been answering," Jim insisted.

"Are you sure?" asked Sam.

"Did he give the code word?"

Jim fairly leaped from his seat.

"No. I never thought of that."

"Then ask him for it," returned Sam.

Jim flopped down again in his seat and started sending.

There was a fresh wait of some minutes, then Jim spoke again.

"I can't get anything," he said helplessly.

"Of course you can't. And you won't till Upton gets ready to talk."

Jim turned to Sam. "But who has been sending?" he demanded.

"I'd hardly have thought you'd need to ask that," Sam said, with

a touch of scorn. "Gadsden's the only one who knows the right wavelength."

"But he has no set!"

"I suppose there are plenty of sets in Rio, and he's had about twelve hours to get one."

"I jolly well believe Sam is right," said Greg eagerly.

"So do I," agreed Jim more quietly. "Come to think of it, the touch was not like Upton's, but I put that down to his being in such a state."

He paused. "But, anyhow, if Upton hasn't been sending it looks bad. He said he would start at ten."

"No," corrected Sam. "He said we were to be ready from ten on. That's different."

"You're right again, Sam," agreed Jim. "Then we'd better hang on and see if anything comes through."

"That's the ticket," agreed Sam.

"You'll let us, Mr. Valda?"

"Let you! My boy, I would not miss this for a year's income. My house is yours for as long as you wish. And I, like you, firmly believe that your friend is safe. But the wait may be long. We will relieve one another." He put on a pair of phones as he spoke.

The wait was long, so long that Jim had almost given up hope when at last Morse began to tick through.

"Is it Upton?" asked the Professor swiftly.

"Yes; I know his sending," Jim answered. "Don't talk, please."

For the next five minutes the silence in the big room was breathless, then at last Jim turned and his face was glowing.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "They've beaten them off. Upton's safe. He says they can hold out for eight or ten weeks, and that he is looking forward to seeing us."

"Splendid!" said Valda delightedly. "Now I will give you some luncheon and then drive you back to your hotel, for you will be in a hurry to start."

As they followed him downstairs Sam whispered to Jim: "We'd better hurry, Jim. You've got to remember that Gadsden heard all Upton said."

But Jim shook his head. "Not unless he had a pretty wonderful set, Sam. Even with Valda's I only just got Upton's signals."

## CHAPTER 37

### An Unexpected Welcome

THE coffee-faced conductor came through the long open American coach and called out something, and the Professor, who spoke Spanish, translated. "Next stop Goyaz," he explained; and began to collect his hand baggage.

They had been travelling for nearly twenty-four hours, and the boys had been up since daylight, gazing out at the country, which

was very different from anything they had expected to see. Like most English people, they had thought Brazil a country of forests and swamps, and were amazed to find the train climbing mountain passes, some of them fully three thousand feet above sea-level.

There were forests in the valleys, but the higher country was mostly very bare of trees. They passed many large plantations of coffee, and now they were crossing grassy plains with cattle grazing in big herds.

"It doesn't look to me as if there'd be a lot of trouble in getting across this kind of country," said Jim.

Greg laughed. "It's not all like this, Jim, not by a long chalk. And so you'll find before you're a week older."

"I'll believe it when I see it," replied Jim, laughing. And then the train began to slow, and presently pulled up at a long platform.

The party was very busy getting their baggage off the train when a tall, lean man, hardly darker than an Englishman and dressed in English riding-breeches and a light drill jacket, came up and touched the Professor on the shoulder.

"You are the Professor Thorold, is it not?" he said.

"I am," answered the Professor, looking rather surprised.

"I make you welcome," said the tall man. "I am Antonio Seca, cousin of Arturo Valda. I have from him a telegram that you arrive, and he bids me see to your comfort."

The Professor gave him a sharp glance, but Seca's dark eyes returned his gaze so frankly that he felt satisfied.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he said. "I hope you are not putting yourself out."

"It is to me a pleasure," replied the other with a smile. "Even were you not friends of my good cousin it would give me joy to receive Englishmen. I beg you not to trouble about your baggage. My peons will attend to it."

"We are in luck," whispered Jim to Greg as they drove away from the station in a carriage drawn by two fine mules, bound for Seca's house on the hill above the town. "It's all through that good chap Valda. He really is a topper."

"He certainly is," agreed Greg.

"I say, did you hear Seca tell Dad he was going to let us have mules for the trip? They're sure to be good ones, and that ought to give us a start of Gadsden."

"Gadsden will get mules all right," put in Sam. "He knows this country and talks Spanish like a native. I found that out on the ship."

"I wonder where he is," said Jim. "I half thought he'd be on this train."

"He's not far behind us, I'll be bound," replied Sam. "I tell you we'll have to hurry ourselves if we want to get ahead of that chap."

"Don't be gloomy," said Greg. "Anyhow, we know we're ahead of Gadsden at present, for if it was he who was trying to humbug us on the wireless this morning he can't have caught an earlier train."

Sam grinned. "Nothing gloomy about me, Greg. I'm too pleased to have got this far. But maybe I know Gadsden a bit better than you do, and I'm telling you he's a bad one to beat. He's dead set on this treasure, and I reckon he's gambling his last penny to get it."

"Why, I thought he was a rich man!" exclaimed Jim.

"So did I when we were at Polcaple," said Sam quietly, "but now I know better. He's got into trouble over some big company—I don't rightly understand what—and unless he gets a big lot of money pretty soon I reckon he'll be done for."

"What, bankrupt?" asked Jim sharply.

"That's about the size of it," Sam answered.

Jim whistled softly. "Now I'm beginning to understand," he said. "You're right, Sam, for a man like Gadsden wouldn't stick at much to save himself from going broke."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Tales Before Bedtime

### The Bulgy Stocking

Two little children sat in a corner of a nursery.

"You see," said one of them, who was called Tot, "if Mummie really believes in Santa Claus she'll think *he* has put it there, but if she doesn't she'll soon guess *we* did it."

"Oh, yes," said the other, who was called Tiny; "it'll be all right, anyway. You go and get a stocking, Tot, and I'll get our money-boxes."

It was a Christmas stocking for their mother they were talking about. They thought it was a shame that Mother should not have a stocking too.

They bought things to eat, because Mummie always said she loved eating things which she hadn't cooked herself. They bought biscuits, and chocolate, and candied fruit, and iced cakes, and then two bananas and an orange and an apple. Then they skipped home and hid the lovely bulgy stocking in a cupboard.



They hid it in a cupboard

And there it stayed till the next night when they were tucked up in bed.

Mummie said, "Good night; don't call, because I have to run along to the shops, but go to sleep quickly so that Santa Claus can come!"

But when the front door banged they jumped up, got the stocking, and carefully fixed it to the bedpost by Mummie's pillow!

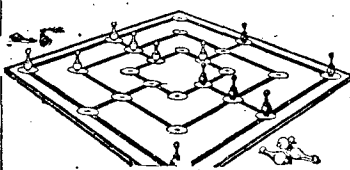
Then they crept back and shut their eyes so firmly that they *did* go to sleep quickly, and when they woke up again it was morning and their stockings were bulging!

They had just begun to open them when Mummie came in. "Just look what Santa Claus has brought *me*!" she said. "I've not had a stocking since I was a little girl. I love it!" And then she kissed them both, and added, "You are two little dears," and went out.

Tot and Tiny looked at one another. "She said Santa Claus brought it, but she called *us* dears," one said. "I wonder if she knows!"

"I don't think she knows yet," the other answered, "but she will when she sees the money-boxes!" and then they laughed and examined their own bulgy stockings!

## The Famous Game of Shakespeare's Day



### NINE MEN'S MORRIS

This delightfully fascinating game makes an ideal Xmas Gift. It is neatly boxed with two sets of coloured wooden men and with a strong board in two colours. It is on sale at all Newsagents, Book-sellers, Bookstalls, Toy Dealers, and Stores. Ask for—Answers' Great Games "Nine Men's Morris."

Buy Yours Today

1/6



# Be Peace on Earth this Christmastide to All of Gentle Will

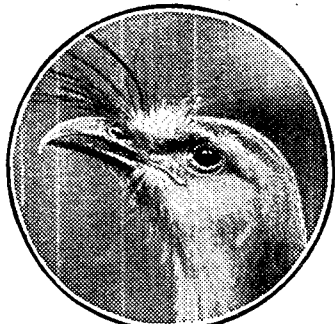
## THE BRAN TUB

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. A girl's name. Above. Observed. An Italian river.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Brazilian Seriema

This long-legged and rather long-necked bird has a curious tuft of bristly feathers on the front of its head. It lives in the interior of Brazil, and eats snakes, lizards, rats, mice, and so on. Its cry is something like the bark of a dog.

### A Trick for a Christmas Party

PUT a halfpenny in a little water and then tell a friend that you are going to stick it on his forehead in such a way that he cannot shake it off.

Ask him not to touch the halfpenny with his hands, and then press the wet coin on his forehead and pretend to leave it there, though actually you keep it in your hand. Your friend will be sure, owing to the cold and wet feeling, that the coin is still on his forehead, and he will shake his head vigorously. To his surprise the coin does not fall.

Finally you say he can take away the coin with his hand, and naturally he is very surprised to find that it is not there at all.

### Changeling

Change the word Bend to Turn with only four intervening links, altering one letter

B	E	N	D
T	U	R	N



at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

### Three Good Things

IT is the ashes of the dead that make the Fatherland. Man's power is in proportion to his knowledge.

Have a goal which you can aim at all your life.

### An Animal Jig-Saw Puzzle

Cut out carefully the seven black pieces given here, and then rearrange them so as to form a bear.



The figure will appear white on a black background.

Answer next week

### Is Your Name Baldwin?

THIS is a fine old Anglo-Saxon name built in a typically Anglo-Saxon way from an adjective and a noun. "Bald" has nothing to do with the absence of hair. It comes from beald, meaning bold. "Win" is from wine, which means a friend. The first Baldwin, then, had by his good deeds given someone cause to dub him gratefully his fearless friend.

### How Brazil Got Its Name

NOWADAYS we hear a good deal about that wonderful South American country called Brazil.

This land originally took its name from the fact that a very hard wood of reddish colour grows there in great abundance. So brilliant is this wood when a log is split that the Portuguese gave it the name of brazo, which means live coal.

In speaking of this country the Portuguese often referred to it as the place of the live coal wood, and gradually the word Brazil came into general use.

### Ici On Parle Français

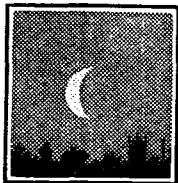


Le flacon La pensée La guitare

Ce flacon est à moitié plein  
J'aime le ton velouté des pensées  
Elle s'accompagne sur la guitare

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

SEVERAL birds have now started to sing again, among these the most conspicuous being the song thrush. The wren's note is also heard. Larks are beginning to congregate in the fields. The snow-drop, always welcome in cold weather, is in bloom in many places. The winter aconite is in flower.



Looking South  
8 a.m. Dec. 29

### A Charade

MY first is near the clear blue sea,  
The green waves off it laves;  
It glitters in the bright sunshine,  
Lies in the deep, dark caves.

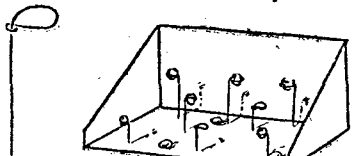
My second part is endless quite,  
Like the love of which it tells;  
When used the world seems gay and bright  
With joy's eternal spells.

My third, alas! to speak the truth,  
Suggests a vacant sty;  
My whole a royal residence;  
You know as well as I.

Answer next week

### A Toy Coconut Shy

FROM the wood of a cigar-box, or with any odd pieces of thin wood, you can make this little toy. Leave the bottom and one long side of the cigar box intact, and with the remaining wood you can make the side pieces, which should slope as



shown in the picture. The wire stands for the "coconuts" are hair-pins, or lengths of fairly stout wire cut to three lengths. One end of each wire is sharpened with a file, and the other end is twisted round in a loop to hold the nut. Make eight of these wire stands, three about three and a half inches long, two about two and a half inches long, and three about one and a half inches long. The stands are knocked into the wood in various places, as seen in the picture.

Now you have only to place small nuts on the wire stands, and the game is played by flicking marbles along the table at the shy.

## Jacko Has a Christmas Present

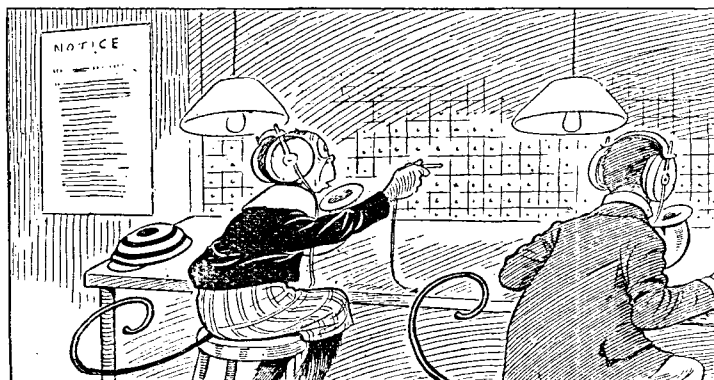
JACKO was very friendly with the postman. He always looked out for him in the mornings and had a little chat. "Don't you long to know what's inside all the parcels?" he asked one morning.

"Well, we sometimes see inside them whether we want to or not," answered the postman; "some folk tie up their parcels so badly that they fall to bits at the least touch. And a lot of extra work it makes for us, too, especially at Christmas."

Jacko looked thoughtful. "Sounds the sort of job I'd like," he said to himself. "I wonder—"

But he didn't wonder long. The very next day there was a notice outside the Post Office asking for extra helpers. Jacko rushed into the Post Office and asked to be taken on.

The Post Office people asked him all sorts of questions. They wanted to know where Jacko lived, and how old he was,



He pushed Jacko on to a stool by the switchboard

and if his grandparents were alive; but at last they said he would do. "In you go," they said, opening a door, and Jacko found himself—in the telephone exchange!

"Coo! I didn't bargain for this," he said dismally. "I want to help with the parcels."

"You will have to do what you're told," said the supervisor. And he pushed Jacko on to a stool by the switchboard.

It wasn't the first time Jacko had been in a telephone exchange, but he knew hardly anything about the work. Indeed, he made such a hash of it that at last the supervisor pulled him off his seat.

"Get out of here!" he shouted angrily. "I've got enough to do without teaching beginners!"

Jacko was only too glad to escape. He darted out of the room; and, as luck would have it, found himself in the place where parcels were sorted.

"This looks more in my line!" he said gleefully.

The other men were much too busy to take any notice of him, so Jacko rolled up his sleeves and set to work on his own. At least, he called it work; really he was so interested in prodding the parcels and guessing what was inside them that he didn't do much sorting.

At last he came to a parcel which rattled suspiciously.

"Chocolates!" exclaimed Jacko, with a grin. "And the string loose!"

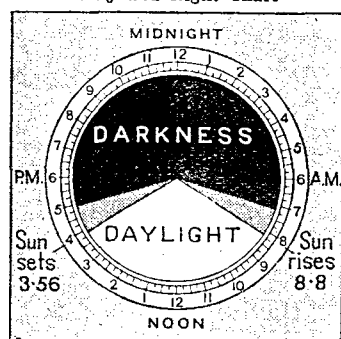
And the next minute he had the box out of its wrappings and was tucking into its contents.

But he hadn't got very far with his feast before one of the other men saw him.

"Here's a thief!" he shouted, and he and all his mates rushed at Jacko and held on to him.

But Jacko only grinned and went on eating. He had looked at the address on the parcel before he opened it. It was a present to himself from Aunt Matilda!

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

### How Captain Marryat Wrote His Name

FREDERICK MARRYAT was the first and greatest writer of sea stories for boys.

He served in the Navy till middle life (at one time commanding a sloop cruising off St. Helena to guard against the escape of Napoleon) and sailed and fought in all parts of the world. Hence the convincing realism and enthusiasm of his story-writing.

Marryat was born in 1792 and died in 1848. This is how he wrote his name:

*Handwritten signature of Frederick Marryat*

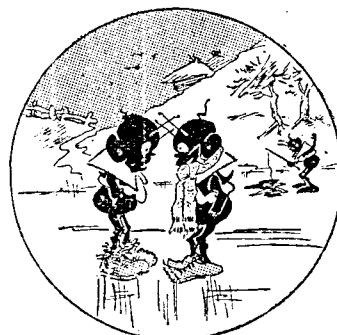
## Dr MERRYMAN

### No Excuse for Forgetting

TEACHER: Tell me the names of the bones of the head.

Pupil: Ha! That's funny! I have them in my head and I can't remember them.

### Not What He Wanted



"SNORUM's taken to fishing through holes in the ice," remarked Snip, with the mischievous brain.

"You surprise me," cried Snap. "Has the lad any luck?"

I suspect that he angles in vain. "Not at all," chuckled Snip, "for he told me last week

That he'd caught an enormous chublain!"

### The Necessary Qualification

DIRECTOR of Circus: If I were sure that you were a serious person I would engage you at once as clown.

### Trouble at the Zoo

WHEN the Elephant sat on the Ant he observed, "Though I'm weighty, I grant,

I won't rise for this fellow Who makes such a bellow— I don't need to get up, and I shan't!"

### Not Thirsty

HAVE you given the goldfish fresh water, Marguerite?

No; they haven't finished the water I gave them yesterday.

### The Kind Printer

NAMES placed together over shop windows sometimes produce curious results.

Over a chemist's shop in a country town is inscribed, "Mr. Neat, late Tidy."

In a Surrey town there is a Mr. Pot, late Kettle. In the Midlands there is a firm called Doolittle and Dally.

And is not the following an attractive notice? It was seen in Yokohama. Over a shop was a large board bearing the owner's name, and there followed the words Printer and Bookbinder written in Japanese characters, and beneath, in English, these words Kindly-natured Printer.

Who could resist such an appeal?

### John's Way Out

JOHN, Baby has swallowed the ink. Write in pencil.

WHAT is the difference between an old coat and a recruit for the army?

One is worn out and the other is sworn in.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

A Double Acrostic									
D	ea	R							
O	d	E							
R	angoo	N							
N	eu	F							
C	a	R							
O	clandin	E							
H	ollo	W							

#### Bird, Beast, and Fish

The objects were cog, heart, circle, easel, ring, from which we make crane, tiger, roach.

#### What Date is This?

Milton, Dryden, Chaucer, Lope de Vega, Xanthippe, Virgil, MDCLXV—1665.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 25, 1926

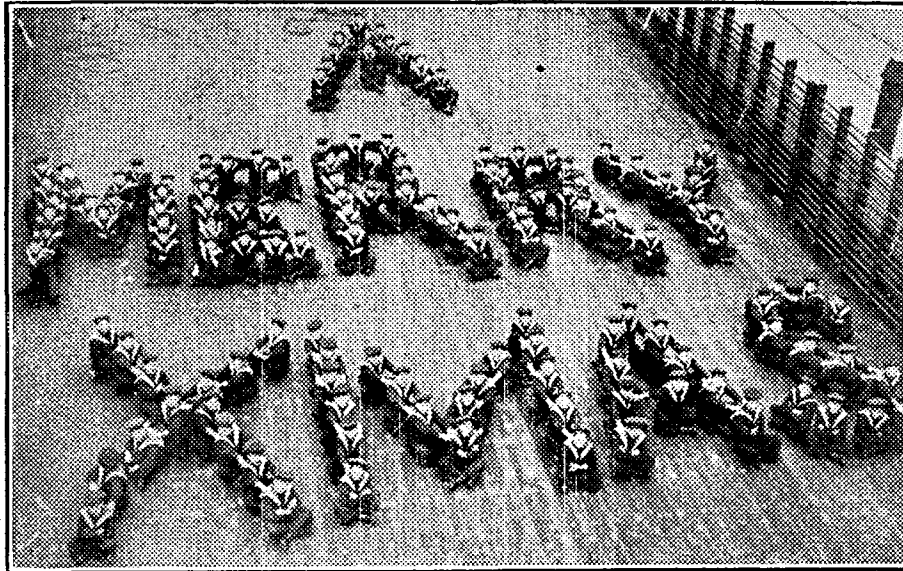
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

## MAURETANIA'S NEW PROPELLER · PIPING IN THE PUDDING · A GIANT CRACKER



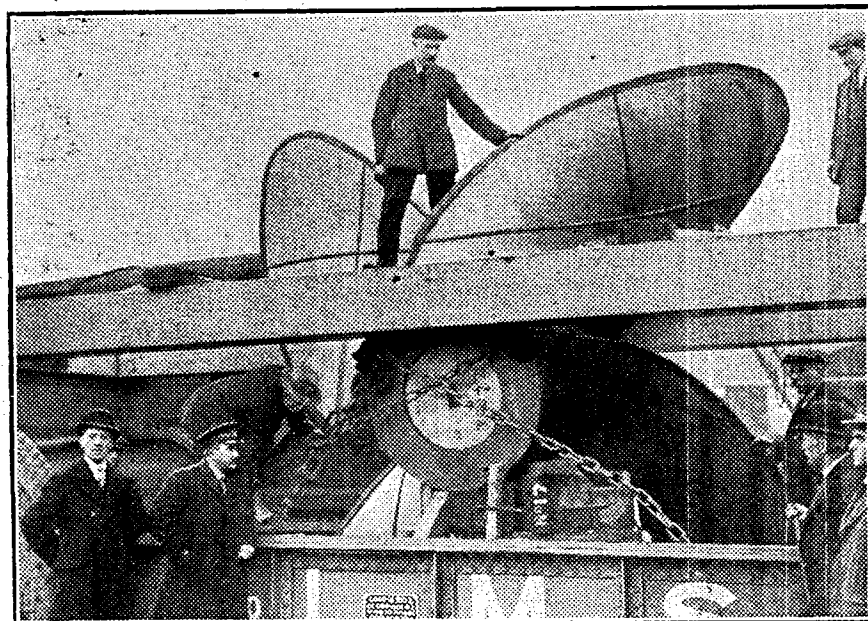
**An Idea from Paris**—People in Paris tear off a numbered ticket which entitles them to enter a bus in their turn. It is suggested that London should adopt this plan.



**Greetings from the Boys of the Exmouth**—On the training-ship Exmouth, which is anchored off Grays, Essex, the boys have been looking forward to a very jolly Christmas, and in this picture, taken from the mast of the ship, we see how they expressed their good wishes to everybody. To make human letters in this way may look very simple, but much careful practice is necessary.



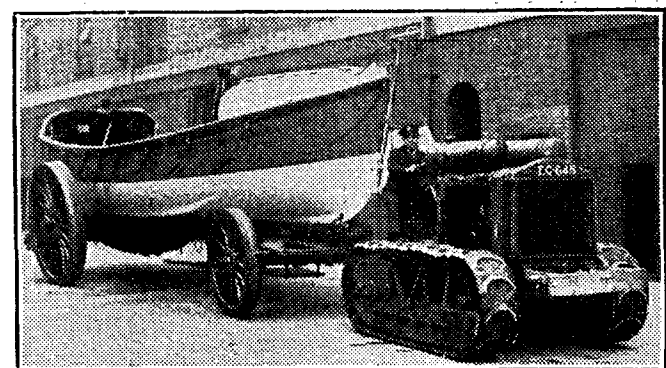
**A Safer Parachute**—Lieutenant Frerl, of the Italian Air Force, has invented a parachute which is said to be much safer than others. Here he is seen after a descent near London.



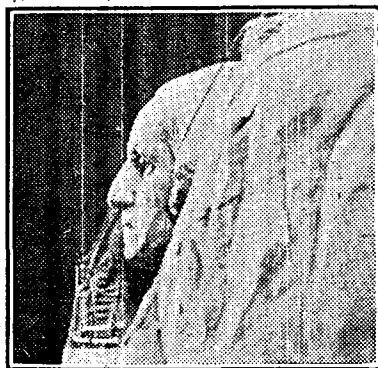
**The Mauretania's New Propeller**—A bronze propeller, weighing over 18 tons, has been made for the Mauretania, and here we see it being placed on a special railway truck in London.



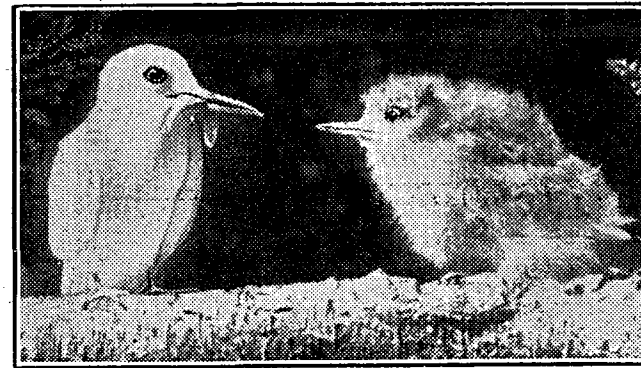
**Piping-in the Pudding**—Every Christmas this ceremony takes place at the Royal Caledonian Schools at Bushey, Hertfordshire, when a girl with a pudding rides in, accompanied by pipers.



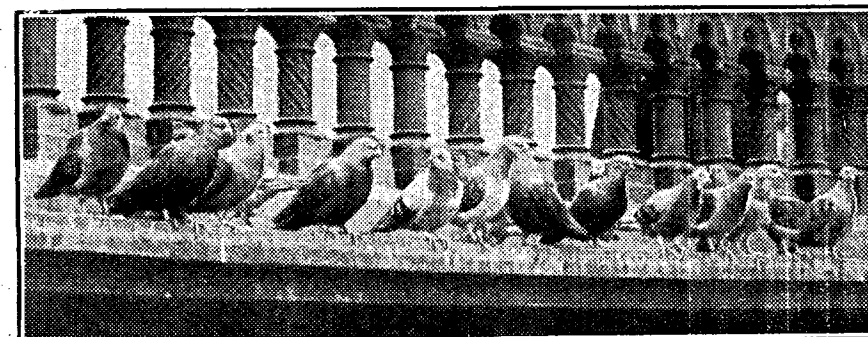
**A Hospital for Lifeboats**—At Poplar, in East London, the National Lifeboat Institution has a shipyard where damaged lifeboats from all round the coast are repaired and refitted. In this picture we see a caterpillar tractor hauling a repaired boat back to the coast by road.



**Washington as a Giant**—This head of George Washington, 60 feet high, has been carved on a cliff in South Dakota by the famous sculptor Gutzon Borglum.



**Food for the Only Child**—The white tern is found on Norfolk Island, in the Pacific, and this picture was taken just as one of these rare birds brought its young one a small fish. This tern lays only one egg, which is deposited in a depression in the bark of a tree.



**The Pigeons of Blackfriars**—The Thames Embankment at Blackfriars Bridge is the haunt of a big flock of pigeons, and here we see some of them resting on the parapet of the bridge, looking as if they might be the famous pigeons of St. Mark's on some old Venetian palace.



**Giant Cracker Ready for Christmas**—There must be few Christmas parties where crackers do not add to the fun and provide the company with paper hats, and these girls in a Surrey factory have made an unusually big one, which is filled with many surprising presents.

## THE GLORY OF A CHILD'S INHERITANCE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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